Adopting Negro Children *Elizabeth Shepherd*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 20, 1964, 35 cents

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The Bleating of Sheep

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T.R.B. *from Cleveland*

Heads Off

★ "Never touched me," said the duelist. "Try shaking your head," said his adversary. Rockefeller lost the California GOP primary by 50,000 votes: the Governors' conference here in Cleveland did not sever his head, it simply offered the spot where the ghastly decapitation was realized. Goldwater nominated? Impossible. There was a brief "stop Goldwater" movement behind Governor Scranton, engineered by the amazing General Eisenhower, who once more predictably got cold feet. (How in the world Ike ever put over D-Day really is a question.) As reporters churned through the glittering city, a Romney boomlet followed that never got inflated. Barry had won.

When they arrived, 50 Governors – 16 of them Republicans – could not at first believe the obvious. Their slow double-take was one of the fascinating episodes of our time. Only three of the Republicans wanted Goldwater: to most he was disaster. It seemed hard to believe one day later, but at first there was a proposal, made with utter seriousness, that Goldwater present himself before the 16 Republicans, like a doctoral thesis candidate, to answer questions about the legitimacy of his views. This balloon lasted six hours. Barry quietly snubbed the executives. He came, received Ike's benediction, departed.

What caused all this? A new segment of the Republican Party has taken over the high command. The "national" leadership is ousted; the county leadership is running things. They are newcomers, in their 20's and early 40's. They are primarily local men, for whom Barry has been raising money, making speeches and simplifying issues for years. A genuine grassroots revolt like this hasn't happened in American politics since Bryan grabbed the Democratic Party last century. Count the causes of it: first, Barry is attractive, dashing, and he comforts the frustrated. Again, there is paralysis of will in the leadership elite. Then again, the doomed Rockefeller candidacy, with its divorce, prevented other plants from sprouting.

There was another reason, which perhaps we overemphasize because nobody else recognizes it. It was personified at the conference by a benevolent-seeming billionaire who looks like a cross between Herbert Hoover and a Rubens cherub: Haroldson Lafayette Hunt, the oil tycoon, who has been wistfully toddling about a hotel in Cleveland with an Arkansas staff badge all during the conference. He likes to watch the power brokers. He comforts the frustrated. Other media snoot his "Life Line" broadcasts. Well – they reach four million people every Sunday; six million every weekday. He got out an absurd novel, *Alpaca*, a few years back, proposing a dictatorship of wealth for the United States. He will finish another Utopian one soon on world affairs, if he can ever spare two or three weeks to finish it.

Mr. Hunt started shivering when FDR recognized Russia in the thirties. Today, he thinks LBJ needs a "good Secretary of State," who will "save freedom"; somebody like Senator Dick Russell of Georgia, or Dodd of Connecticut. He believes a Goldwater win would "save freedom anyway."

Oddly enough, HLH may still vote for LBJ; however, he isn't sure yet. Hunt played a big part in getting the restrictive two-term constitutional amendment passed. In general, the Hunts, the John Birch societies, the lame brains, the frustrated, supplied the militant core of Goldwater's victorious drive, plus a couple of hundred of Southern delegates.

We think this new show will run for a long time. Goldwater will lose this November, but will that stop them? They will work harder for '68. This new power alignment may stick.

Who were the actors in the drama? Rockefeller, cheerful, stocky, relaxed – looking for somebody to receive his blunted sword. Governor Scranton, dancing the polka with his vivacious wife, a man with croquet-wicket eyebrows and a Joe E. Brown mouth, the spearless leader.

Then there was the ruggedly handsome Governor Romney of Michigan, his thick hair now touched by dramatic white at the temples. Up for re-election this fall, he sees disaster under a Goldwater banner, and said so frankly. There was good old Ike, and gracious knows there is no use characterizing *him*. There was devious Dick Nixon, trying to push everybody else into the fray from which he could snatch the chestnuts. Finally, there was Goldwater himself.

A New Goldwater

★ The "new Goldwater" is emerging. Don't forget what a facial uplift the mass media can give him. It is starting now. Notice and relish it. Without any sacrifice of principle, Barry will move to the center, yet we foresee one difficulty. Barry, poor chap, is no Harding. How much easier if he were; Harding was a mental basket case who marshaled an army of words parading around the landscape in search of an idea. Harding's supreme intellectual achievement was in confusing issues. What a valuable trait. We fear Barry lacks it. He suffers from one violent defect, strong convictions, and up till now he has uttered them impulsively. He has recently backed away from most of these ideas, but he can't always remember what his new positions are. Put him on TV with a disarming questioner and he will defoliate every tree in Vietnam.

One funny thing happened in Cleveland, and if the editor will give us a jump to an inside page we will tell about it. There's a gimmick in the US Constitution that's never been used. If two-thirds of the state legislatures call for a Constitutional Convention, Congress must call it. What the Convention recommends becomes constitutional if three-fourths of the rural-dominated state legislatures approve it.

Ike, of all people, came to Cleveland asking for three "fiscal-responsibility" Constitutional amendments, to be adopted by the state-initiative convention route. What a proposal! If a Convention were once convened it could write a brand new Constitution. It could abolish the Supreme Court, revise the

(Continued on page 29)

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Business Is Business

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A decade ago, any bright child knew that East was East and West was West, and that they were divided by an iron curtain. Eastern Europe was Communism – secretive, suspicious, a servant of the Soviet Union. Western Europe had not been overrun by the Red Army, trusted in the United States as its protector, and was free. Each was substantially a dependency, one of Moscow, the other of Washington. Each had hopes that someday the other would be liberated.

That is not the way it is in June, 1964. One reads of a possible meeting between Chancellor Erhard and Premier Khrushchev – and the prospect rings no alarm bell in Washington. Khrushchev talks with Tito, hoping to rally the troops around Russia, but it is plain that no Communist regime in Europe wants to commit itself unreservedly to solidarity against the Chinese. Poland, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria sign trade agreements with Bonn (the Czechs may be next), which include tacit recognition that West Berlin is part of the Federal Republic. The Deputy Premier of Rumania confers with Averell Harriman. One result: Rumanian imports from this country, partially financed by Export-Import Bank credits, will increase. And why shouldn't they? US trade with Rumania now runs at less than $5 million a year; Western Europe's about $500 million. Rumania is also negotiating the purchase of a nuclear reactor from the West (with "adequate safeguards insuring peaceful use," of course) and wishes to join the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, the West's major trading body. (Czechoslovakia is a member.)

The explanation for this burst of business activity does not lie in Peking or in any new American tolerance for National Communism. It is simply that the order of the day in Warsaw, Prague, Budapest, even East Germany, is *sauve qui peut*. Self-interest dictates that they buy and sell where it is most profitable. As a tight economic entity, the Soviet bloc is disintegrating; as a source of supply, or even as a model for rapid economic development, the Soviet Union has been found wanting. Very little regard is being paid by East European countries to the fact that many of the goods they now offer for export to the West had been originally earmarked for other countries of the Soviet bloc under bilateral trade agreements or COMECON decisions.

With the exception of Bulgaria, which would have been condemned to large-scale starvation long ago had it not been for the Soviet Union, and which is hoping to earn Western currency from tourism, Russian aid to her ex-satellites has become minimal. Because of crop failures,

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the Russians have stopped sending wheat to Czechoslovakia, East Germany and Poland. In addition, having no choice but to spend valuable dollars on grain purchases in Canada and the United States, the Russians have had to reject numerous requests from the Poles, Czechs and East Germans for loans in gold and dollars. The East Europeans must therefore try to earn as much Western currency as they can, on their own. Their investment programs depend on their getting Western equipment and raw materials. No wonder the Rumanian example is proving contagious.

The Rumanians' quarrel with Moscow began when they found that their assigned function in the bloc was to produce raw materials, not have heavy industry. Once having decided they did not care for that bit part in a Soviet script, the Rumanians went on to discover that Western equipment is cheaper and better than Russian.

Hungary had the good sense earlier to begin manufacturing electronic devices, small machines, tools, which it could sell at competitive prices in West European markets, especially in Scandinavia. Having things to sell abroad, Hungary could buy abroad. Its purchases from the US rose from $836,000 in 1962 to $17.28 million in 1963.

Poland, East Germany and Czechoslovakia are in a different category. So far, they have turned out immense stocks of obsolescent machines, equipment, consumer goods – often of poor quality – for which there are few hard-currency buyers. Lately, they have begun retooling with Western markets in mind, but meanwhile there is chronic economic distress from which only the Czechs seem to be slowly recovering.

"If You Like It, Spread the Word Around."

The Polish economy suffers from food shortages and large-scale unemployment. According to one authoritative Polish economist, there are more than one-half million unemployed and about the same number partly employed, and if the present trend of reduced investment were to continue, there would be something like 1.5 million jobless in Poland in two or three years. Contrast this with the prosperity of Western Europe, or even, more modestly, with rising living standards in Hungary.

The loosening of economic ties between Eastern Europe and the USSR does not signal any crack-up of the Communist alliance in Europe, any more than de Gaulle's displays of independence or German, British and Italian trade with Communist China presage the collapse of the Atlantic partnership. There is no regime in Eastern Europe which wants to be cut adrift from Moscow; Communism itself might not survive such a rupture. Likewise, not one of America's NATO allies, France included, really wants to go it alone.

The Berlin Wall remains, as do countless other physical and ideological barriers. One Europe stretching from the Atlantic to the Urals will not come by Christmas. Nevertheless, East-West relations are rapidly changing, and as trade, talk and the granting of credits increase, the demarcation lines of a decade ago will become harder and harder to define.

Communist Cases

Late last year, the US Court of Appeals in Washington held that the government cannot force anyone to register the Communist Party as a subversive organization under the Subversive Activities Control (McCarran) Act of 1950. The basis of the decision was the Fifth Amendment.

To register the Communist Party is to admit membership in it, or some similar close connection with it, and that in turn is to admit what under the Smith Act is very possibly a crime. Under the Fifth Amendment, no one can be required to confess to criminal activity. And so, as we pointed out at the time (*NR*, Dec. 28, 1963), it seemed that the 13-year tragi-comedy of the McCarran Act – or at least this aspect of it – had drawn to a close. Last week, the Supreme Court confirmed this conclusion by refusing to review the decision of the Court of Appeals.

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Cannon to the Right of Us

Recently we described a Defense Department program to make Americans better marksmen by giving ammunition to rifle clubs affiliated with the National Rifle Association. Sometimes the Department will sell rifles and pistols to NRA members at low prices. Stanley Mosk, the California Attorney General, has discovered that right-wing guerrillas are urging their friends to form rifle clubs and get free ammunition, but he has had little luck in getting from the Defense Department a list of California clubs receiving ammunition. Nor has Henry Gonzalez of Texas, a Democratic Congressman, been any more successful in obtaining details from the Department of Defense. The Office of Civilian Marksmanship, which administers this program, now is promising to improve its bookkeeping by maintaining files of clubs and their members, which seems only to confirm the general impression that until now it has had very little idea of who was getting the ammunition. However, there is a possibility that both the General Accounting Office and the Senate Appropriations Committee will look further into the workings of the Office of Civilian Marksmanship.

Mosk would like a little help from the Defense Department in this connection because he is busy keeping up with the gun enthusiasts who abound in California. In addition to rifles and pistols, mortars and anti-tank guns have become particularly fashionable among guerrilla groups there because these weapons fall within the purview of neither state nor federal laws. A few days ago one of the Attorney General's staff was himself browsing in a Los Angeles gun shop when he overheard a man asking the proprietor where he might purchase a two-man tank. In California it is even possible to purchase an intercontinental ballistics missile system which will orbit a 100-pound payload at an altitude of 300 miles. It comes complete with launching facilities: 10 missiles for $6 million.

Another new sport in California is cannon shooting. The June issue of *Guns & Ammo* carries a picture of a man crouched down behind a piece of field artillery, and the headline, "If Your Shooting's Gone Stale – Try a Cannon!" It describes the activities of a group called BALLS, which stands for Benevolent Artillery Loaders and Loafers Society. Ballsmen make it clear that they are not a military organization; but when a BALLS truck carrying two cannon and towing another passed through Pacifica not long ago, the residents thought they were the Minutemen on maneuvers and objected to them firing their big guns. The Ballsmen moved on and soon found a good range on a dairy farm. Cannon shooting is fairly expensive: A light cannon can be purchased for $124.95.

We also mentioned recently Paul Revere Associated Yeomen, Inc., a New Orleans organization which seeks to alert patriotic Americans to the Red menace. Its founder, H. S. Riecke, feels that the present time is particularly dangerous and he has sent out an urgent alert to all his members to arm themselves while they can. Since mentioning Riecke we have come upon a letter by him which more fully describes the logic that informs him:

"The balance of nature . . . makes 'extremes' necessary: extreme heat *vs* extreme cold; extreme depth *vs* extreme height; extreme evil *vs* extreme good; extreme hate *vs* extreme love; extreme left *vs* extreme right.

"To the extreme left is the devil; to the extreme right is God! . . . To be extremely right is to be a 'right-wing extremist' – near to God. This is why the left-wing liberal-socialist-communist-atheists rant and rave against the right-wing extremists, because they hate religion and they hate God.

"So . . . be proud to be a right-wing 'extremist.' You're on God's side."

The Bill as Amended

The cloture vote was a triumphant, historic act. It says a great deal more about the true spirit of the country than the minority vote piled up by Governor Wallace this spring, and more also than Senator Goldwater's progress toward the Republican nomination. (Senator Goldwater, incidentally, was recorded against cloture; the mainstream of Republican votes went the other way.) The act was historic, because it marked the full engagement of all three branches of the federal government with the civil rights problem. As we have often remarked, the statute when passed will not transform the country, and it may not even come up to lesser expectations, but 71 Senators have said, solemnly and formally, as two Presidents and the House said before them, that the Negro's voting rights, his access to public accommodations and to employment and desegregated schools, and his rights to equal enjoyment of benefits derived from the disbursements of federal money are all matters of immediate federal concern. It would have been no small thing to have this commitment taken by a simple majority. Seventy-one Senators is a crushing consensus, of the sort that goes to create self-evident truths.

Nor did any penalty have to be paid. The Dirksen amendments, which will soon be adopted and were discussed here two weeks ago, change the bill but do not endanger its substance. The Senate did accept a further amendment by Republican Senator Morton of Kentucky granting jury trials to defendants charged with *criminal* contempt of court. This amendment does not affect voting cases, which are governed by a com-

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promise embodied in the Civil Rights Act of 1957. Nor does it affect the power of federal courts to enforce their orders by *civil* contempt proceedings, which is to say, the power of courts to put a person in jail, or to subject him to a fine until he obeys. What is in question – the right to vote excepted – is a judge's power on his own, without a jury, to punish a person for the crime of having disobeyed a decree in the past. The Morton amendment says that this cannot be done without a jury. No doubt, it will not often be possible, for the next few years in any event, to make a charge of criminal contempt stick before a Southern jury in a civil rights case. But the civil contempt power is an ample one. What is more important, the Morton amendment, regardless of its supposed immediate effect, is right on principle. The power of a judge alone to impose punishment for criminal contempt in circumstances such as those to which the Morton amendment applies is an anachronism. So long as we value the jury in other criminal cases, there is no good reason for dispensing with it here.

As the Senate Voted

In his smaller and lighter roles, the actor Everett Dirksen disorders his hair to look like King Lear's on the windy heath. He knows that Lear is a comedy. But when Dirksen stood up to make the final speech for cloture, every hank of hair was carefully arrayed and his usual impulse for parody in check. He was prosy and conscientiously anti-baroque, as Robert Taft would have been. Yet he could not repress one outcropping of the irony which ordinarily governs his style; and coincidence worked to give him the hour's best moment of drama.

He would, Senator Dirksen said, remind his Republican colleagues of a great speech they had all heard at the 1952 Republican convention. The speaker was Herbert Hoover, who had said: "The Whig Party temporized, compromised upon the issue of freedom for the Negro. That party disappeared."

Just at that moment, Barry Goldwater came into the Senate chamber, and just at that moment Everett Dirksen's arm was pointed at him. "That party disappeared," Dirksen quoted Hoover. "It deserved to disappear. Should the Republican Party receive or deserve any better fate if it compromises on the issue of freedom for all men?"

And then Dirksen delivered for cloture the Millers of Iowa, the Curtises of Nebraska, the Jordans of Idaho, that gray clump from the Republican heartland, men so obscure that only regulars in the Senate press gallery would know their first names.

The remembered speech at the Republican convention of 1952 had been Dirksen's calling up the heartland to defend the old in Taft against the new in Eisenhower. Several days before the cloture vote, Eisenhower had surrendered the resistance to Goldwater; Dirksen delivered all but six Republican Senators to the civil rights bill at its moment of most delicate balance. He had done what Taft used to do: he had helped write the law whose time he knew had come. He had given Taft, 12 years late, the moral victory which responsible men always get over irresponsible ones.

There was Clair Engle of California in a wheel chair, casting the vote he would never need in politics but which he wanted to have in history. There was the atmosphere provided by the vigilance of Hubert Humphrey and the cunning of Lyndon Johnson was personified in the bent figure of Carl Hayden of Arizona, visible throughout the voting in the cloakroom outside the chamber. Hayden has an ancient position against cloture; he was being held back to see whether it would be safe for him to stand by his principles or whether he would have to surrender them to the President's need and vote "aye." Dirksen's spectacular bag of previously dubious Republicans made Hayden's sacrifice unnecessary; the old man came in to record the last vote on the tally. He was recorded against, because the majority already had more than it needed in favor.

But most of the drama belonged to Dirksen, although his contribution was no larger than Humphrey's, because the headlines always go to the halfback who makes the long broken-field runs over the fullback who makes the short plunges. At the end, of course, Richard Russell gave most of the credit to Lyndon Johnson. The game had ended as football games do; the coach of the South was congratulating the coach of the rest of the country. The players get the satisfaction; but the coach gets to keep his job. Mr. Johnson could reflect that out of such victories come long-term contracts.

Maryland Backlash

On June first, 211 new laws went into effect throughout Maryland. They included raising gasoline taxes by one cent, authorizing schools to have a silent moment of meditation, and increasing the pay of National Guardsmen on duty throughout the summer (particularly those on the Eastern Shore). But the most important law passed by the state legislature earlier in the year did not go into effect. It would have prevented any hotel, restaurant, inn, or motel refusing service to a person on grounds of race, creed or color.

Three days before the June first deadline, 20,205 names – nearly double the number needed to block the law – assured a referendum next November on whether discrimination should be banned.

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Deliberate Speed in D. C.

by Susanna McBee

Public schools in the nation's capital completed their first decade of integration when classes adjourned for the summer last week. From the courthouses of the South to the halls of Congress it has been said that Washington's schools prove the failure of integration, that they are overwhelmingly Negro.

Indeed, the school system is 85.7 percent Negro: its elementary and secondary schools have 136,680 students, of whom 117,484 are Negro and 19,196 are white. Last fall, 137 of the 172 schools were all-Negro or nearly all-Negro; 15 were all-white or nearly all-white: the remaining 20 had a good racial balance. Racial imbalance was cited by a Negro leader who threatened to call a school boycott this spring; but his position was rejected by other Negro leaders, and he himself admitted that spreading thin the small white minority of students would not solve the problem of racial imbalance, caused by residential segregation. To relieve overcrowding in some of the slum Negro schools, officials have tried to encourage students to transfer to less crowded ones, but few Negroes asked for transfers, mainly because Washington has no public school buses. Despite the slow pace of integration the Supreme Court's mandate has compelled the city to see what it chose not to see before – how inferior Negro schools had been in the 90 years of segregation.

Before integration, 70 percent of the elementary classes that had more than 36 pupils were in Negro schools, and nearly 80 percent of the 45,000 students on half-day sessions were Negroes. Colored children often had to travel long distances to crowded Negro schools, passing half-empty white schools on the way. Negroes in 1953 made up 56.8 percent of Washington's school enrollment but had 51.1 percent of its teaching staff; $186.71 was spent for each Negro student's education compared with $240.27 for each white student. White educators never went into Negro schools except on ceremonial occasions and Negro educators never went into white schools except for conferences.

Before integration, Negro and white pupils took different tests, and many Negroes never were tested. The effects of separate and unequal instruction showed clearly in 1954 in the first citywide achievement test scores: District schools, with 64,000 Negroes and 41,000 whites, fell below national standards. The average sixth grader lagged by more than a year behind the national norm in reading, whereas in 1953 the typical white District sixth grader had been more than a year ahead of the nation.

Naturally, Southern Congressmen had a field day with the test results. They launched an investigation in 1956 to convince themselves and others that Washington's school integration was the worst disaster since the burning of Atlanta. The House District Subcommittee, headed by James C. Davis (D, Ga.), said integration had led to "appalling" discipline problems, had accelerated white exodus to the suburbs and revealed Negroes' scholastic inferiority. Superintendent Carl F. Hansen, however, blamed the previous system of segregation for the Negroes' academic problems and said that school integration in the city had been "a miracle of social adjustment."

The school system was integrated in three phases over a one-year period, following two years of official talks. There were no "appalling" discipline problems. There were some boycotts, fights and transfer requests by white students in the first year or so after integration, but over-all the transition was smooth. On Thanksgiving Day, 1962, hundreds of young people were involved and racial overtones were unmistakable in a riot at D. C. Stadium after a championship football game won by a predominantly white Catholic school over a predominantly Negro public school; but the rioters were mostly out-of-school, out-of-work Negro youths. In the school year just ended, four attacks on teachers were reported; only one was injured. Since the 1962 riot, police have patrolled the grounds of 10 schools more closely than before. In all, Washington's school discipline problems are less severe than those in most cities. Last year, half the pupils in the 10th- and 12th-grade honors tracks scored as well as or better than 92 percent of all students tested nationally. Sixth graders surpassed the norms by two months in arithmetic computation, by three months in language usage, by five months in language study skills and spelling. They were below the norms by two to four months in reading, word knowledge and social study skills.

Integration was partly responsible for the system of grouping students by ability into four "tracks" – honors, college preparatory, general for those not going to college, and basic for the slowest learners. Under the "track" system, capable youngsters have had a

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SUSANNA MCBEE *writes for the* Washington Post.

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better education than before integration.

The Amidon plan, named after the elementary school where it started, stresses basic education and phonics. Test scores show that 98 percent of the Amidon children, of whom two-thirds are Negro, exceed national norms in all academic skills.

Nearly 54 percent of District high school students now go on to some form of higher education: whereas in 1957, the figure was 41.4 percent.

Before integration, Washington's white and Negro communities squabbled over whose children would get to study in old, run-down buildings. That is no longer true. Congress, which underwrites the city's budget, has been giving more money than before for schools. In 1953, it appropriated only 11.1 percent of what the school board requested for construction. Last year it gave 67.7 percent. When an integrated group of teenagers crusaded on Capitol Hill for new textbooks, buttonholing Senators and showing them texts with pages and covers missing and held together with twine, it persuaded Congress to approve funds for new books. After the stadium riot, Negroes and whites, including the conservative and influential Metropolitan Washington Board of Trade, demanded 344 new teachers to relieve classroom overcrowding. Congress provided the funds. The average elementary class now has 30.6 students and the average secondary class has 25 students. This year the citizens called for another 242 new teachers to bring the elementary class size down to 30 pupils, and the House of Representatives has agreed. Before integration, average class sizes were 38.2 in Negro elementary schools and 34.5 in white ones.

Each 12 months, Washington schools take in 7,000 new students, many from the rural South. There are still too many dilapidated, cramped buildings and temporary teachers, still not enough special services. But the city also has the Amidon plan, expanded in-service training for teachers, a special school for boys with severe behavior problems, several anti-dropout programs, and a project in 14 elementary schools that gives slum children intensive training in reading and writing. Carl Hansen wants to extend the school year to 10 months, keep schools open for community use in the evenings and on Saturdays, provide special camp schools and pre-kindergarten programs, create a college with a two-year course and a four-year liberal arts curriculum, step up school construction and start a new industrial education project. New construction alone would cost $120 million in the next six years. One project that will start this fall – a federally-financed educational war on poverty in 18 schools – will cost about $10 million.

There is a long way to go. Nevertheless, the schools have become Washington's leading social welfare agency and education has discovered the slum child.

Vice Presidential Candidates

The Able and Willing Eugene McCarthy

Different candidacies raise different questions. Senator Eugene J. McCarthy's muted effort to achieve the Democratic Vice Presidential nomination is interesting chiefly for the light it sheds on the relevance or irrelevance of personal distinction as a criterion for selecting the second man. The case for McCarthy rests almost wholly on the degree of importance one attaches to the qualities that made Adlai Stevenson say of him, "There is no more eloquent representative of what is good in American life."

As anyone who has heard him knows, McCarthy is a man of rare wit and grace of expression. His public philosophy is rooted in a thoroughly disciplined examination of the religious and political postulates of democratic society. His mind is as good as that of any man in public office. His liberalism is both unabashed and undogmatic. He stands a bit apart from the "liberal wing" of the Senate, chiefly because his views are stated in a detached, ironic manner.

The qualities that make McCarthy unique are, quite frankly, qualities that might be discarded as unimportant in the selection of a running-mate for President Johnson. In political terms, the junior Senator from Minnesota is simply another Northern liberal Catholic and far from the most plausible choice for the second spot. For one thing, his seat is up this year. He is an excellent prospect for re-election.

In the normal calculus of politics, McCarthy is less than a heavyweight. Minnesota's importance in the electoral college is small compared to Governor Pat Brown's California, Mayor Wagner's New York, Sargent Shriver's Illinois or Robert McNamara's Michigan.

McCarthy is acceptable to the liberals but he is not the hero to the ADA, the UAW or the NAACP that his colleague Hubert Humphrey is. And if religion is a criterion, St. Paul's Gene McCarthy cannot hold a candle to Boston's Bob Kennedy in the affection of Irish Catholics, nor does he inherit the nostalgia for the late President. Indeed, the remnants of McCarthy's 1960 feud with the Kennedys are an obstacle to his nomination just as much as the unspoken but genuine rivalry of his fellow Minnesotan, Humphrey.

If Senator McCarthy has a constituency of his own (and the public opinion polls measure it as only one or two percent of the Democratic voters) it would be

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found among those who are entranced by the role of the humane intellectual in politics. In the somewhat cynical summary of one Democratic professional, "McCarthy is an Adlai Stevenson with sex appeal."

There is no compelling reason to choose him, then, except his own excellence. If he were chosen, what exactly would the Democrats and the country have?

Overshadowed in his state by Hubert Humphrey and in his generation by John Kennedy, McCarthy has not yet emerged in public view as a whole political animal. He is known to the public at large as the man who delivered the magnificent but futile nomination speech for Adlai Stevenson in 1960. In the small world of Capitol Hill, he is prized for his humor, for the impudent wit that led him, for example, to suggest recently that lobbyists really are "men of revolutionary background – they are careful to see that no one who is taxed is unrepresented."

The most surprising discovery is that he is a politician. He was teaching sociology at St. Thomas College in 1947 when he was enlisted by a group of faculty members to join Humphrey's fight to rid the Democratic Farmer-Labor Party of its far left elements and make it an effective political force. Less than two years after he arrived in St. Paul, the 32-year-old McCarthy had won the Ramsey County party chairmanship, defeated the Labor Temple nominee in the Democratic Congressional primary and ousted the Republican Representative from office.

After two terms in the House, he was picked by Speaker Rayburn for membership on the Ways and Means Committeee – a mark of approbation rarely accorded a man so junior in years and seniority. Without offense to the Speaker, he took the lead in organizing an informal caucus of liberal House Democrats known then as "McCarthy's Marauders" and now more formally titled the Democratic Study Group. "Young as he was," says a collaborator in that project, "Gene was the guy we all looked to for our cues on the in-fighting in the House. I don't think there was another man who could have put the liberal caucus together without incurring the wrath of the Speaker."

A Lone Hand

McCarthy abandoned the House in 1958 for an uphill race against Senator Ed Thye, a popular Republican moderate who was hurt by Minnesota dairymen's dislike for the Benson farm program. McCarthy won a 72,000-vote victory in what was then regarded as a remarkable demonstration of the willingness of a Protestant constituency to elect a Catholic.

In the Senate, McCarthy has been more of a lone hand than he was in the House. He has been heard rarely in debate. The rule of discretion that Senate custom imposes on a freshman applies particularly to those, like Lee Metcalf and McCarthy, whose senior colleagues from their states occupy leadership posts.

He has concentrated on his Finance Committee assignment, and as one of the earliest advocates of tax reduction won high marks from the Treasury for his work on the bill. He did not, however, escape censure from some liberals who thought him far too willing to sacrifice reforms. Defending him, one colleague said, "McCarthy is a legislator; he really wants to pass bills, and he can be cold-blooded about the compromises that are necessary to do so."

The Senator's only step into the spotlight of national publicity was the 1960 convention speech for Stevenson, for which he has never felt any need to apologize. But the breach between him and President Kennedy was never entirely healed during the latter's lifetime. His relationship with Johnson has suffered from no such wound, though it would be incorrect to describe him as an intimate of the Texan's. Before the Stevenson candidacy bloomed in Los Angeles, McCarthy allowed his name to be listed as a Johnson-for-President supporter. Though he scoffs at it now, he was rumored at the time to be Mr. Johnson's choice for his 1960 running-mate.

Two special factors make it impossible to dismiss the McCarthy for Vice President talk now. First, there is perhaps no Northern liberal the President could select who poses less danger to his political support in the South. Harry Byrd of Virginia was at the head table at the recent Washington dinner to raise funds for McCarthy's Senate campaign, a fact that was not lost on President Johnson, who dropped in to pay his own respects.

Secondly, in a group of aspirants which includes men eager to find and exercise power, McCarthy's well-restrained ambition could be attractive to a President who is not himself overly eager to share the authority of his office.

McCarthy has told friends he sees no need to enlarge the scope of the Vice President's duties. As presiding officer of the Senate, as a representative of the President on diplomatic, political and ceremonial occasions and as a contributor to policy discussions in the Administration.

"The character of the Eisenhower Administration was importantly affected by the quality of Richard Nixon's mind and personality," McCarthy says. "Alben Barkley added something distinctive to the Truman campaign and the Truman Administration. I think people will be watching the kind of man President Johnson chooses."

DAVID S. BRODER

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Adopting Negro Children

White Families Find It Can Be Done

by Elizabeth Shepherd

"Do you have room in your home and your heart for a child? This child needs you!"

In recent years messages like this have become commonplace in large cities and counties. But if you are white and wish to adopt one of these children, the chances are your application will be turned down. Most of the homeless youngsters – and there are a quarter of a million of them in the US – are not white.

Ten years ago Minnesota adoption agencies had 150 nonwhite children waiting for homes; four years later 200 were waiting. Something had to be done, and after many months of planning the adoption agencies launched in June, 1961, a two-year publicity campaign – "Parents to Adopt Minority Youngsters" or PAMY. It was financed by the Minnesota Department of Public Welfare with assistance from two foundations and individual contributions. The paid staff consisted of a project coordinator, Miss Harriet Fricke, and her secretary who were advised and assisted by a committee of 15 representing adoption agencies and others.

At least 100 children found homes as a direct result of their work, which is not remarkable. What is remarkable is that when white couples applied for Negro children, they were not turned away. Welfare agencies permitted and encouraged them to adopt the children.

Not all social workers in every agency agreed with this policy. A few were violently opposed to it. After much discussion, one question overshadowed all others: Was it better for a Negro child to have a white home or no home at all?

When PAMY began no one had thought about the possibility of white-Negro adoptions. The initial plan was to seek Negro homes within the Negro community of the Twin Cities and, later, to publicize the needs of other nonwhite children throughout the entire state.

However, in the first few months, several white families, to the planners' surprise, asked about adopting Negro youngsters. PAMY shifted its focus accordingly. It began to encourage white families to adopt nonwhite children. With this encouragement more white couples applied for Negro youngsters, including couples from other states who had heard radio broadcasts or otherwise learned about the PAMY program. These couples were referred to welfare departments in their own states.

It became clear that Minnesota's pragmatic response to white applicants was not an isolated event, that Minnesota's social workers and Minnesota's white families were not paragons of liberal virtue. Agencies elsewhere were following deliberate policies of open adoption – without regard to race.

From such experiences Miss Fricke and other Minnesota social workers became persuaded that their early fears were out of all proportion to reality. "Of course none of the children we have placed has yet reached adulthood," observed one New York social worker whose agency has placed some 300 children of minority races in the last decade. "We don't know how they will turn out. But several families have applied for a second youngster and that seems to us a pretty good indication of our success."

Yet in spite of such indications of success many other agencies are still reluctant to encourage open adoption. In some states statutes expressly prohibit interracial adoption. In most states the courts are free to decide – and generally judges follow agency recommendations.

I found most adoption workers frank about their misgivings. Many want to wait and see how the first adoptions will work out. In the beginning of Minnesota's open adoption program, Harriet Fricke noticed that many social workers were trying to discourage white applicants. Coming from comfortable middle-class backgrounds many workers found it difficult to understand why any white couple would take such a risk, and whether these parents would be strong enough to deal with the racial problems that would follow.

Workers in agencies from San Francisco to New York City are beset by the same doubts today – not only about the white couples but about their own ability to assess these couples. "It is hard to weigh the parents' motives," the Executive Director of the Child Welfare League, Joseph Reid, points out. "Are the parents genuinely accepting the differences? Or are they thinking

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of the child as a weapon in the battle for integration?" Some couples might use a child to promote neighborhood integration, or use him to express their own hostility or rebellion against society.

"The civil rights movement has stirred up a lot of guilt feelings," one social worker told me. "We've had a number of requests from people who want to help by taking a Negro child. But actually very few white couples would really be interested in taking on a child so dissimilar to themselves with such a deprived background. The couples who can readily accept any child are very exceptional, and even they may not be able to bring it off. If there were a better than average chance of its working, sure, we'd have to open up our thinking and free ourselves of bias."

By all accounts, white couples who adopt Negro children are pretty much like white couples who adopt white children. They can hardly be called beatniks or bohemians. One social worker calls them "superior people, the best." They can love and accept a child with a skin darker than their own; they are proud that the agencies and judges have such confidence in their ability to handle an unusual adoption.

In general, the parents are a little older and more secure than more traditional adoptive couples. But like them they come from all walks of life. The fathers have all kinds of jobs and sizes of income, though probably a disproportionate number are professionals of one sort or another. Some have advanced degrees, some never finished high school.

Most of the mothers are housewives, apparently quite happy in their careers of raising children. A few teach or hold part-time jobs. Most confine their outside activities to the scouts, PTA, or Sunday schools.

Among the parents I have encountered none is an active crusader for an integrated society. None participates in the civil rights movement, though a few have contributed to specific drives, like the Medgar Evers Scholarship Fund. Their primary desire is to help a child because it needs them. Interestingly enough less than half the families are active churchgoers, and many belong to no church at all.

Almost all the couples have children of their own or had previously adopted a child. Thus they did not "need" a child in the sense that most adoptive couples do. They were not looking for a child to substitute for the child they were unable to have. Instead of coming humbly to an agency hoping to be granted a child, they could take a more aggressive attitude. "The agency needs us. We don't need the agency." They express many doubts and reservations; they know they will have problems; they cannot even imagine what kind.

To Miss Fricke and others like her, this is a challenge. "Interracial adoptive parents must be prepared for many new experiences," Miss Fricke tells her colleagues. There may be discrimination. The child may be teased, or even beaten. On the other hand, well-wishers, eager to show how much they accept a "different" child, may spoil him.

Adoptive parents have always had to face questions from their children, but in some ways the interracial parents think their problem is easier. It is quite obvious that their children are adopted. The facts of racial difference, like the facts of sex, can be presented gradually at levels appropriate to the child's understanding. The adoptive parents are already laying the groundwork. One mother, for example, noticed that her three-year-old Negro daughter kept washing her hands when they weren't dirty, trying to get her hands as "clean" as the hands of her white sister. Her mother explained then that people have skins of various colors and that Lucy's was a nice shade of brown.

The adoptive parents hope their children will be proud of their racial inheritance as they grow up. One mother reported her young son's pleasure when he saw his "grandfather" on television. During a film of Africans preparing for battle, her other children taunted their part-Negro brother with shouts of "there's your grandfather." Young Mike was delighted. His "grandfather" had the longest and sharpest looking spear.

Some couples are making an effort to see that their children meet other Negro children. Others feel this special effort is unnecessary or even false.

How About Marriage?

It is one thing to provide a home for a child; quite another to raise him to adulthood. What if interracial adoption leads to interracial marriage?

Mrs. Margaret Edgar, adoptive mother of six and president of Canada's Open Door Society which finds white homes for children of mixed race, is impatient with any such questions. She would neither push nor discourage interracial marriage, since marriage is so obviously up to the children when the time comes. But, Mrs. Edgar believes, "the fear inherent in this query is probably the main reason why all adoption agencies across North America have a surplus of healthy and intelligent Negro and part-Negro children awaiting adoption – and at the same time a long list of healthy, intelligent white families waiting to adopt a child."

Social workers are, after all, members of communities and naturally reflect community attitudes toward intermarriage. Several parents have encountered prejudice in advance. They have been politely informed that their Negro children, once in their teens, will no longer be welcome at parties.

Such prejudices may be more widespread than the adoptive parents now suspect. Friendly neighbors, willing to have little Mary play with dark-skinned

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Johnny now, may object to her dating her former playmate later. When they see an attractive adolescent boy their own unconscious prejudices may surface.

Thinking of young teenagers prevented from dating because of racial prejudice made Minnesota social workers waver in their interracial adoption policy. But then they began to consider the possibilities realistically. After all, only one of two things could happen: the child will date; he will not date. If he does not date because of racial prejudice, "he may always carry some emotional scars," but, Miss Fricke concluded, "he does not have to be completely devastated. He can learn to content himself with activities that do not involve dates. He can learn to recognize that his problems can be solved in the future. When he is able to be more independent he can move to a community in which he can date."

The adoptive parents are aware that problems may arise. But, as one mother said, "Who knows what things will be like 10 or 15 years from now. Time is on our side."

"We do not foresee any great problems in the future, though we know they can happen," wrote the father of two multi-racial children. "We know that dating and job hunting can be fraught with anxiety. They are for every teenager." The Negro child will have these problems whether or not his parents are white. And the fact that he has parents of his own will help give him the strength he needs to meet them.

To date none of the interracial families has reported any racial crises. Perhaps the neighbors who disapprove keep their opinions to themselves. Most adoptive parents have a hard time recalling any unpleasant incidents. The greatest difficulty they say has been keeping people from making too much fuss over the children. (No more publicity, please.)

Why then don't more agencies use white homes for their minority race children?

Harriet Fricke suggests that "often the waiting children are not right under the noses of adoption workers"; there is "a physical and to some degree an emotional gap" between the potential homes and the adoptable children – not to mention the children who might be legally freed for adoption if homes were available. Adoption workers visiting white homes tend to think more about what will happen to the Negro children in these homes than about what is happening to the children where they are.

Some children live in shelters or foster homes for months or even years, and the longer a child remains in agency care the harder he is to place. Love is equated with loss, loss with hurt, as the child is shifted from one boarding home to another. He never has the security of belonging anywhere. One 12-year study of 30 children in foster care found that 20 had serious behavior problems; only four children in a similar group in adoptive homes had such problems.

Those Without Homes

At this moment about 400,000 children in the United States are in agency care, being sheltered, clothed, and fed by people not their parents. About half may return to their own parents or will go home with adoptive parents. For the other children no permanent home will be found. Most of these children are Negro.

In 1962 there were some 262,000 illegitimate births alone, of whom 166,000 were nonwhite. (The mothers of half these babies were under 20.) Every day parents abandon or seriously neglect their children. Every day agencies take on the responsibility for more children.

Many children who need agency help are not getting it. According to a 1963 report from the United States Children's Bureau, no child welfare services exist in 45 percent of all counties in this country. In a dozen states child welfare services are available to less than 65 percent of all children residing in them. In Texas they are available to less than 25 percent. The same report also states that, "the great majority of children receiving child welfare services from public agencies are white children."

No one will argue that it takes social workers more time to find a home for a Negro child than it does to find a home for a white child. There are no long lists of Negro couples waiting for children. No one will dispute the chronic lack of trained personnel and adequate funds that limit child welfare services in this country.

One can argue, however, that by emphasizing temporary foster care for Negro children, social agencies may be failing to develop alternatives. In the long run it costs less to find adoptive homes for Negro children than keep them in foster homes and institutions.

As Miss Fricke observed in her final report to PAMY participants, "Adoption agencies in many parts of this country can increase the number of Negro children placed in adoption if white families are encouraged and permitted to take them."

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months,
The New Republic will not appear on:

July 18 *August 1*
August 15 *August 29*

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 5

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MONEY

Balancing International Payments

The Federal Reserve Board, seven men appointed by the President to regulate the nation's money, sits in Washington nervously watching the US balance-of-payments position. If this should suffer a relapse from its recent precarious improvement sufficient to cause an insupportable further drain of gold and dollars out of the country, the Board would probably try to stop the outflow by raising interest rates, even though this might slow down the US economy when four million Americans are unemployed and 13 percent of US industrial capacity is idle. Wall Street is said virtually to have resigned itself to interest rates going higher this year. But if the US balance of payments is put right in this way, the chances are that other countries will as a result find themselves short of monetary reserves: then *they* will have to raise their interest rates, and slow down the growth of their trade.

The figures make this clear. In the past few years foreigners have acquired more than $21 billion which they have the right to exchange for US gold at any time. They have also acquired a lot of the gold itself: since 1957, the US gold stock has shrunk from $23 billion to $15 billion. From the end of 1949 to near the end of 1960, foreign countries' and international institutions' monetary reserves increased by $27 billion; of this amount, only $6 billion came from new gold production and from Soviet gold sales; most of it came from US gold losses ($5.8 billion) and dollars acquired by foreigners out of trade and US aid and overseas investment ($15.2 billion). Thus the Western world is on a sort of financial see-saw; when the US goes up, the other countries go down, and vice versa.

For some months the US position has been slowly improving, the situation of the other countries gradually worsening. This year the six countries of the European Common Market may have a trade deficit of between $500 million and $1 billion. But the US improvement seems unlikely to last. A lot of it was due to the proposal by the Administration to tax foreign securities by introducing a so-called interest equalization tax. This caused sales of foreign bonds in the US to drop, in anticipation of the tax, from an annual rate of about $1 billion to almost zero. But to make up for this, American banks have been lending more money abroad (such bank loans would not have to pay the securities tax) and anyway Congress may not now pass the securities tax law this year, after all. Part of the improvement in the US payments position was due also to American grain sales to Russia, not likely to be repeated this year; and to help the US payments position, other countries speeded up their repayments of American loans, gave loans to the US, and paid cash in advance for US arms. These were all stop-gap measures. The hard fact is that the US is and for years will be a major source of capital for foreigners, including Europeans and Japanese. Reduce the outflow of money by one means or another and the prosperity that the West has enjoyed, more or less, since the end of the Second World War is immediately threatened; don't reduce it, allow US investments and aid abroad to continue and American tourists to take their vacations and to spend dollars abroad, and the Europeans and others flourish and may become positively haughty on the strength of their dollar-fed monetary reserves, but the US begins to bleed gold.

What is to be done? The Critical Issues Council of the Republican Citizens Committee has produced a self-contradicting report from a task force headed by Professor Henry Wallich, a former member of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers. On the one hand the report suggests that everything done by the present Administration is insufficient; on the other hand it agrees with most of it. But it calls for a big drive to increase American exports and urges that foreigners should develop capital markets of their own so that they would not need to borrow so much from the US; indeed it suggests that the US should borrow more from them.

A committee appointed by President Kennedy and headed by Henry Fowler, former Undersecretary of the Treasury, reported to President Johnson in April, along similar lines. It too thought that the US ought to try to lure more foreign money here, by selling more US securities to foreigners, and encouraging them to share the ownership of international corporations that are based in the US. It said the US government should negotiate with foreign governments to get them to remove the controls that they still have over movements of capital from their countries to the US. Another way foreign countries keep their own money at home and attract US capital is to keep their rates of interest high. In an address in Vienna to American bankers (who were busy spending dollars in Europe while discussing how to curtail the spending of dollars there) Secretary of

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the Treasury Douglas Dillon warned the Europeans that if they didn't lower their interest rates, the US would have to put controls on outflows of capital funds from the US to their countries. He also said that the US should try to sell more goods abroad. The US trade surplus is already more than $2 billion, but Mr. Dillon seemed to think it could be increased by America selling still more military equipment abroad.

What seems missing in those discussions is the idea that there is a link between the problem of the US balance of payments, and the problem of the world not having sufficient gold, and currencies that are convertible on demand into gold, to finance its increasing trade. The tradition has been that these are separate problems, to be attacked separately. But the link seems obvious enough. The dollar and sterling are both now key currencies for purposes of world trade. All other countries want more of them, as well as wanting gold, in order to build up their monetary reserves. A half of the total reserves of the other countries that are members of the International Monetary Fund are in US dollars and in pounds sterling, not in gold. But when steps are taken to improve the US balance-of-payments position, sterling is made weaker and the other countries find themselves fighting to hold on to their monetary reserves. This is because there are not enough funds to go around, at the existing level of world trade.

Fear of Bankruptcy

The Republican Committee is so impressed by the figures that show how the US gold stock has run down whilst foreigners' money claims on the US have grown (by foreigners having more dollars) that it fears a sudden rush by those foreign dollar-holders to exchange their dollars for gold would wipe out the US gold reserves altogether (the foreigners have $21 billion worth of claims and the US gold stock is down to $15 billion). But this does not mean that the US is even technically bankrupt, as the Republican Committee seems to fear. The US is now in effect a world banker (as is Britain) and no bank expects its depositors will want to withdraw their money all at the same time. A bank that holds small reserves in proportion to its outstanding debt can still be perfectly solvent. Whether or not foreign holders of dollars rush to convert them into gold depends on their faith in the dollar remaining as good as gold for all practical purposes. A deficit in the US balance of payments benefits foreigners by enabling them to get hold of more dollars for their monetary reserves, and hurts the US only insofar as the dollarholders may begin to doubt that their dollars are as good as gold. The outflow of gold and dollars from the US in recent years has given the rest of the world the reserves it needed to finance its healthily expanding trade. What is now required is an international payments system that will take the US and the other trading and investing countries off their monetary see-saw. The see-saw operates the way it does because it is too narrowly based on the world's limited amount of gold, to which the key currencies in world trading, the dollar and sterling, are tied.

There has been under way for many months a formal discussion about international monetary reforms, among the 10 leading nations in international finance, who are known as the "Paris Club." The indications so far are that the members of the club have not agreed on what reforms they should adopt. Part of the problem is that some of the Europeans feel they have been doing alright and so see little need for far-reaching changes. But as the US has begun to worry more and more about its balance-of-payments deficit and its gold drain, so has the international see-saw begun its familiar tilt the other way. Inflation has begun to erode the strong position of the six European Common Market countries, where wages rose last year by more than seven percent compared with less than three percent in the US. That is one reason why they may have a big trade deficit this year, even though a steady, high trade surplus has been the basic economic strength of those countries ever since the early 1950's. This, combined with American hints and warnings of action to stop the flow of capital funds from the US to Europe and of an American export drive, has made the Europeans less haughty toward the US.

But from the US itself there have so far come almost no proposals for improving the international payments system. The Treasury has displayed super-caution and has suggested only temporary shorings-up of the existing structure, and plastering over the cracks. What is needed is a way to let the dollar and sterling continue to be used by other countries as part of those countries' monetary reserves, without this involving the US and Britain in constant difficulties that impel them either to slow down their own economic growth by raising interest rates, or to hurt other countries by slowing down the outflow of capital. One way would be to let the International Monetary Fund hold more dollars than it does now, and also to allow it to function more like a world bank. Another plan is to ease the burden on the two key currencies, the dollar and sterling, by creation of "reserve certificates" that would have international validity because their value was supported by the pledges of many nations. Because its end of the see-saw is at the moment going up, the US is in a better position now to take the lead in suggesting such major changes; and it ought to do so because experience indicates that if nothing is done the see-saw will later go the other way, against the US.

HARALD MALMGREN

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The Bleating of Sheep

There Was No Lion in Barry Goldwater's Path

by Murray Kempton

"Sir," Sancho Panza said, "may I go to the devil if I see a single man, giant or knight of all those your grace is talking about."

"How can you say that?" replied Don Quixote. "Can you not hear the neighing of the horses, the sound of trumpets, the roll of drums?"

"I hear nothing," said Sancho, "except the bleating of sheep."

In Cleveland, among the Republican Governors, disarmed and recumbent, there arose for a moment on Tuesday, June 9, the wildly-improbable figure of Richard Nixon heaving the last cutlass against Barry Goldwater. The Republican Party had come to that stage where only the implausible is inevitable. It was not a posture Mr. Nixon could long endure; but the insane fancy of the muse who dictates these scenes could not be satisfied just to give the Republican nomination to Barry Goldwater; she had to make Richard Nixon stand awhile alone against Goldwater, as Harold Stassen used to stand alone against Richard Nixon.

In Washington, Senator Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania sat "bloody but bowed," as he said, and contemplated the shards of a week through which he had tried to draw his Governor to adventures of the sort from which William Scranton's gentle nurture draws him back. Now Scott is left by himself to run for re-election with Barry Goldwater at the top of his ballot. He would not talk, of course, about his friend, Governor Scranton, or his friend, General Eisenhower who, unprotesting, has left him there.

"All the heroes have run," Scott said. "Only us cowards stand."

In New York, National Committeeman George Hinman was winding up the family business, calling to thank, in Rockefeller's name, every substantial Republican who had been helpful or even kind during the ordeal. Governor Rockefeller was, Hinman said over and over, ready to yield his delegates to any candidate who would make a fight. But he had borne the battle, and he thought he had earned the right to give its few fruits to a combat soldier.

"Tell Nelson," said one of Hinman's callees, "that he is the only one who has been a man all through this thing. He may have been too much of a man in the first place, but he has been a man."

In Washington that Tuesday, Barry Goldwater spoke only to call out "Ayes" to various amendments, mostly unsuccessful, to the civil rights bill and to insert into the *Congressional Record,* in accordance with ritual, General Eisenhower's speech to the Republican Governors. The Senator then came out to talk to reporters. He stood there pink and friendly with a mimeographed file labeled "Towards Cold War Victory." He was, as always, the picture of the man who means to begin reading this stuff tonight.

He was asked about Nixon and said that he had always said that that gentleman would be his last hurdle.

"I've gotten two telegrams, a letter and a telephone call from Dick saying he wouldn't join a stop movement," he said. "I've never called him."

Mary McGrory of the Washington *Evening Star* asked him if he had heard the latest from Nixon.

"No" answered Barry Goldwater, "what did he say?"

"He said," Miss McGrory began, "that it would be a tragedy for the Republican Party if – "

" – you didn't have an open convention," Senator Goldwater finished.

"No," Miss McGrory said with affectionate regret, and bravely read on, "if Senator Goldwater's views, as previously stated, were not repudiated by the party platform and by the nominee."

Senator Goldwater turned pinker and answered, "I guess he doesn't know my views. I got most of them from him," and smiled and was gone, leaving behind nothing but the recognition that Richard Nixon had lifted his banner against the menace and that the menace was a charming man whose indifference to public affairs extends so far that he had not known what Nixon said about him three hours after Nixon said it.

There had seemed no hope left for stopping him after California. What hope there was had rested on the candidacy of William Scranton and the command of Dwight Eisenhower and had expired in their limp

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wrigglings over the weekend. Yet even now, Barry Goldwater seemed the last man still to talk of his own nomination as though it were in doubt. "It's those last 100 votes that are the hardest," he said. "And you can come to a convention with 700 votes and they'll chunk away." His prejudice for order was so strong that he could not entirely believe that he had the nomination when everyone else knew it was in his hands.

One hard rule of our political conventions is that delegates are seldom allowed to nominate the man they like the most. If affection had been the standard, the delegates to the 1952 Republican convention would probably have selected Robert Taft, and they quite likely would have chosen Goldwater in 1960. Every experience of the moderates had to instruct them that, since Senator Goldwater is a symbol of nonadjustment in a politics whose spiritual essence is adjustment, he could not get a major party nomination.

Moreover, Senator Goldwater seemed particularly easy because he is as modest and yielding in his personal ambitions as he is intractable in his ideological pretensions. He is in fact so docile in the habit of sacrifice that, even with the citadel in his hands, he could still talk about how close Nixon and Scranton were to him and how he might still reach a time when he had to give over his delegates to one of them.

But the moderates knew, as Goldwater says, that whatever happened he would come to the convention with at least 475 delegates "who can't be bought off for cash or chalk," and that his partisans, unlike himself, were not the sort to suffer his sacrifice patiently. And they did deserve a certain consideration; as Goldwater says, they had learned their views from the kind of rhetoric President Eisenhower and Richard Nixon used to give the troops before handing them over to the Eastern liberal conspiracy.

Goldwater, the moderates perhaps calculated, need only be treated with grace to be graceful when the time came for him to be. What seemed to make that inevitable were the plain signs that Goldwater was as disturbing to ordinary Republican voters as he was satisfying to the more extraordinary Republican activists. He had been embarrassed even in the primaries he had won; and it seemed impossible that he could carry California after the conspicuously disabled Governor Rockefeller had beaten him in Oregon.

The Delicate Nudge

The lion, such as he was, in Goldwater's path, was Dwight Eisenhower, whose performance the week before the California primary was a sound and subtle demonstration of the way the job is done; quite beyond the feeble calculations of Mr. Nixon. Eisenhower waited until Goldwater seemed in disarray and then made public a sketch of the nature and the personal beliefs of his own ideal Republican candidate vague enough to embrace every suggested alternate to Goldwater and precise enough to exclude only Goldwater himself. It appeared certain that this delicate gesture would be enough to defeat Goldwater in California; it was plainly enough to throw him on the defensive at a time when the rules would indicate he should be most aggressive.

As politician, Dwight Eisenhower has always withheld the blow when only a blow would serve, and delivered the nudge when only a nudge was needed; he gave the gentlest nudge his calculations demanded and then in Boston the weekend before California voted, he told journalists that he had never meant to read Goldwater out of the party.

Of all the national pieties before which Barry Goldwater stands humble, the illusion of Dwight Eisenhower's innocence is by no means the weakest; Goldwater could only cry out against the malign and mysterious influences which had turned this guileless old man against him, grumble at Richard Nixon for lusting too openly for his funeral, and talk more and more about Governor Scranton as a man deserving the attention and goodwill of conservative Republicans. General Eisenhower had, of course, for two years invited the suspicion that he would do anything short of real personal inconvenience to get Scranton the nomination. The ritual was appointed: it would end with Barry Goldwater repaying Dwight Eisenhower's unkindness by innocently yielding up to him the nominee he wanted.

Everything then was precisely calculated except the Republican voters of Southern California. They gave Goldwater his primary – the only battle he has really won – and it carried all the weight of the last battle. Who fought Barry Goldwater from now on would fight in the streets.

The day after the primary, William Scranton and Dwight Eisenhower were the only points around which the rear guard could make a stand. The General showed his mood the day after California by growling at the photographers in Gettysburg. The Governor showed his by calling a press conference from which he emerged with his little boy's smile, troubled to find that he had said that he and Goldwater had very few differences – he didn't know where Goldwater stood on civil rights – and that he thought Goldwater could do as well in Pennsylvania as any other Republican if the campaign were vigorous enough, and that he might even run with Goldwater for Vice President. The last hope had turned out to be a Dauphin who was waiting for a Joan of Arc.

Still he was the only candidate in sight, because he was the only candidate unwounded, and because he is a successful, well brought up Governor of a large

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state. No one less well brought up could have captured so entirely the hearts of those of his elders who remember Boies Penrose and who are still consequential in the Pennsylvania Republican Party. He brings them new ideas as though he were bringing them home from Yale and can be trusted to outgrow them. He had been silent against the moderate interest in California; now breeding made him evasive against his own interests.

Scranton's Duty

But then, Scranton is rather indolent, because it is graceful to be indolent, and he has trouble doing anything unless he is told to. He seems genuinely not to want to run for President. He seems never to have wanted to offer himself for any office, having been drafted to run first for Congress and then for Governor. He is proud of how far he sits above mean personal ambition; he comes closest to boasting when he reminds other politicians that what happens to him makes very little difference because he will go to oblivion when his term expires in 1966. He is the sort of man who can speak of Senator Goldwater in public with the courtesy demanded for a guest one may have to entertain this fall and, in private, talk about Goldwater with despair. He seems to have done just that; a Pennsylvania Congressman less solicitous of the proprieties says that "talking to Scranton is like dealing with the Arabs; you know how they say one thing on a platform and then run right behind it and pull you aside and tell you quite the opposite." To Scranton that sort of thing is just manners, and he is puzzled when he is misunderstood. He is reported to have left his post-California press conference and gone to his office to wait alone and to be surprised that no telephone call came to him from Nelson Rockefeller.

Even so, Scranton was persuaded to let Pennsylvania make some effort in his name. His associates could bring him that far only by reiterated insistence that to rescue the party was his duty. Scranton was not brought up to the unqualified acceptance of moral instruction from his equals and his contemporaries, but he did consent for Hugh Scott to look around and see how many Republicans outside of New York might also think it was Scranton's duty to lead the last battalion.

Scott began with the very few sure birds he had. Governor Chafee of Rhode Island announced his 14 delegates for Scranton. Then Scott moved to those places where a fire might run if, somehow, the spark could be set. He sounded out John Anderson of Kansas, the senior Republican Governor, and he talked to the Congressmen. He was going shrewdly for the "cowards," for in the present state of things a successful Republican politician is more likely to be afraid of Goldwater for reasons of self-preservation than roused by affronts to principle. Scott's fundamental argument was that a Goldwater candidacy will cost the Republicans 30 seats in the House and perhaps seven Senators. Congressmen Schwengel of Iowa, McGregor of Minnesota and Matthias of Maryland came to talk to Scott. He had the basis for a Scranton Congressional Committee if he could show these men some tangible hope. Scott is a former national chairman, and his friends began calling him; oddly enough, there were calls from Georgia and Virginia; Florida might even give Scranton 16 of its delegates if he would declare.

While Scott thus scratched to define for Scranton these small pieces of still-unconquered ground, on Friday night, Milton Eisenhower called his brother in Gettysburg. He was exercised and the General caught his spirit. A half hour later, General Eisenhower called Governor Scranton and asked, still exercised, if he could come to Harrisburg and see him. Scranton said that he would come to Gettysburg; they sat there at breakfast for 85 minutes. The General came out saying that he wanted an open convention and Scranton that he would be available if the delegates wanted him. The General went back happily upstairs and called an old friend to say that this young man had promised him to stand and fight and that he was proud to meet a young man like that. He seems to have been, then as always,

Keystone Cops

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an officer of staff uplifted when he has inspected and sent to battle a soldier of the line.

Scranton's Washington outriders, thereupon, got a message that the things he would say on "Face the Nation" that Sunday would be "a surprise and a pleasant one." What everyone waited for that night was not some great blow which could roll Goldwater back; what would come, whatever it was, almost had to be too late. But there would be something else: to see the private face behind the public mask which Dwight Eisenhower had kept for the prior 12 years and William Scranton for the prior three days.

On Sunday morning, William Scranton approved the last of four statements, differing in degrees of intensity, from which he would choose one as his answer to the relevant question on "Face the Nation." The strongest of these declared that a Goldwater candidacy would be a "blueprint for disaster" for the Republicans. The Governor's assistants, from those faint, fleeting tracings on the parchment of his face and the broken fragments of his occasional discourse, seem to have decided that Scranton had chosen this toughest answer of all.

Shortly before the broadcast, the Governor was handed a message that President Eisenhower had again telephoned. He called Gettysburg and listened. The general report is that Eisenhower said that, since their meeting, friends he cherished had called to beg him not to join an anti-Goldwater "cabal," and that he intended to do no such thing, and that he hoped Governor Scranton didn't either. Scranton hung up, swept his prepared answers to the challenge of Goldwater crisis into his pocket and, in silence, went to his television panel, where he said no word that was clearer or more consequential than might have been expected from an uncommitted delegate from South Dakota. General Eisenhower had broken a butterfly on the wheel.

"Why did you give Scranton the message?" one of the betrayed later asked the aide who took Eisenhower's call. "We thought Ike's call was to beef him up," he answered.

Humphrey's Role

There was agreement on the winning side and what remained of the losing one that former Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey, Goldwater's finance chairman, had called Eisenhower and changed his mind. Humphrey is both an open and a vain man, and he could be the source of that report. All we know for certain is that in Dwight Eisenhower we have a politician who, better than any other, has avoided the mistake which gives both Rockefeller and Goldwater that special grandeur of the wounded. They are men each of whom demands that people take him as he is, Rockefeller in his difficult private history, Goldwater in his disordered public philosophy.

But President Eisenhower is a splendid example of the happy results for any politician sincerely capable of appearing always to be what he is not. The professional soldier's public assignment is not adventure but the avoidance of disaster; his personal necessity, if disaster comes, is to escape the blame for it. As a commander he was economical of his soldiers; as a politician, he was even more economical of his person, since he could conceive of no one except himself for whose safety he was responsible. That mind, with its sense of economy, could only have seen the waste of any effort to offer Scranton in the last ditch against Goldwater. The one thing Eisenhower never had to do as a soldier was to stand and defend a last ditch for no cause save honor.

And so he and Scranton went to Cleveland to the Governor's conference, Scranton to writhe and General Eisenhower to join the winner. The moderates, having lived by the book and seen its every rule broken, had fallen back on the consolation of the last law of American politics, which is that, no matter how extreme the man, the demands of any national campaign drive him toward the center.

The General could also be consoled by the thought of how many Republican pieties he and Barry Goldwater share, and he could be persuaded that Goldwater could be influenced by moderate advisers and bound by a moderate Republican platform. But all the rules were written before Barry Goldwater came along; we do his character far less credit than it deserves when we think of him as bending to the center for the sake of an office. It is far easier to imagine him sacrificing his purpose than yielding his peculiar principles.

He still believes all the things which to so many other professional Republicans were only the slogans that were their response to 20 years of defeat and their material for victory in 1952. He speaks for the betrayed; he is starting a desperate campaign for a minority party; and it will succeed to the degree that he can convince great numbers of Americans that all of them have been betrayed. He may be unique among all prior nominees of our major parties, because there is a chance he may do us almost as much damage as a candidate as he could as a President.

And yet the demented muse has made him the image of the Republican Party, and all its heroes are prisoners of her whim. There remain the resistant cowards; but even Hugh Scott could hardly argue that they had much hope. And what will happen, a visitor asked him, when Barry Goldwater's nomination has been voted and there is the motion to make it by acclamation?

"Oh," Hugh Scott answered, "I have no doubt the motion will be made. And it'll be made by someone we trusted."

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A Writer of Major Talent

by Honor Tracy

The two books under review would be impressive each on its own, but taken together they announce beyond any doubt an important arrival. In them Mrs. Laurence reveals herself as a writer of high degree, for they display the versatility and the richness of resource that go with major talent. The first is a novel of sustained power with a Canadian background and the second a collection of ten stories, sad, comic, weird or horrifying, set in the Africa of nationalism and independence. The author appears to be as much at ease in the one form as in the other, and as much at home in African surroundings as in the land of her birth.

The Stone Angel
by Margaret Laurence
(Knopf; $4.95)
The Tomorrow-Tamer
by Margaret Laurence
(Knopf; $4.95)

The theme of *The Stone Angel* is old age, and for a woman of the author's years to have explored it so deeply and sensitively is a further sign of her quality. Hagar Shipley is 90, living with an elderly son, Marvin, whom she despises and a daughter-in-law, Doris, whom she dislikes: they are scheming to dump her in a nursing-home, a prospect which both enrages and terrifies her. Of Scots descent, she is as tough as an old boot and as prickly as a cactus pear: she may break but she will never bend and she is the same intractable creature as at nine. Helpless now before the approach of death, she looks back over her life and sees how time and again it foundered against the very qualities in which she took most pride. Her father, a store-keeper in a dull prairie town, sent her to an expensive school in the East in order that she might be turned into a lady: defying him, she married a coarse ignorant farmer and was cut off without a penny. Later on the farmer took to drink and became a local butt and public menace, whereupon she left him rather than face the humiliation. She took along her son John, but presently the lad grew tired of her thorny ways and went back to his father.

Hagar has always been incapable of warmth or tenderness, both of which strike her as merely weak. She can love but cannot show it, and when John dies after an accident her first concern is that she should not break down in front of the hospital staff. Relentless towards herself as towards others, she piles up the indictment in her lonely tormented hours.

Darkness is gradually closing in on the old woman as the tale proceeds. She becomes more terrified, angry and confused with every day. But the author manages the flow of her narrative so well that we feel no jarring sense of dislocation as it wanders forward and back in time, and this effect is further helped by the consistency of character and unity of mood. It is her admirable achievement to strike, with an equally sure touch, the peculiar note and the universal: she gives us a portrait of a remarkable character and at the same time the picture of old age itself, with the pain, the weariness, the terror, the impotent angers and physical mishaps, the realization that others are waiting and wishing for the end. Once or twice her own love of nature shows in descriptive passages that are over-lyrical, since it is Hagar who is supposed to be talking; but this small criticism is the only one I have to make.

Much good writing, African and European, has bubbled up of recent times from the long-inarticulate continent and Mrs. Laurence's work can hold its own with the best. With a fine perception and immense sympathy she looks at the African struggling to free himself not merely from alien rule but from the dark inward things that keep him down no less. In the story of a dwarf imprisoned in a tiny box by a juju man and compelled to play oracle for him, she symbolizes the muddle of the African mind by the objects in the sorcerer's hut: hanging on the wall beside a rusty old sword "was a string of Moslem prayer beads, red and black, and near by an ebony cross, with its Saviour dying in a gilt agony. On the bare unswept floor stood two figures, male and female, crudely carved in a pale wood and smeared with cockerel's blood and the hard dried yolk of sacrificial eggs." A market mammy, warm-hearted, ribald, bawdy, chants hymns of praise to the coming "Freedom," which she believes will result in the sweeping away of class distinction and bus fares. The account of an African girl's failure to adapt herself to her

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own people after an English middle-class childhood is splendidly moving in every sense, both for the poignancy of incident and the pace of the telling.

The foreigners are often in a muddle too, largely through failure to understand their own attitudes. Brother Lemon of the Angel of Philadelphia mission believes that Africa stands in crying need of him, whereas the boot is on the other leg. With his fantastic doctrines, his peacock-blue star-spangled robe, his bribing of converts and his monumental gravity, Brother Lemon would have struck me as a caricature had I myself not run into him, hard at work in the Amazonian forest. An English memsahib of the kind that always wants "something to be done" about something intervenes ruthlessly in the private life of her African servants and is hurt and offended by their want of appreciation. A chance word, a clumsy phrase, will sometimes give away a basic contempt for the Negro buried in well-intentioned Europeans who would be sorely troubled to think it was there.

Failure, tension, grief and anger are only a part of the story. Mrs. Laurence writes also of African ebullience, humor, warmth, loyalty and love, of dancing and drumming of the magnificence of the land itself and its obsessive appeal for the stranger. Now and again there is a small purplish patch, here and there the symbolism appears rather labored, but in all these are very fine stories indeed, fresh, vivid and deeply human.

What Makes Dallas Different?

by Willie Morris

At the time of President Kennedy's assassination, there was no other city remotely the size of Dallas (except in the Deep South on the one issue of race) where, in Silone's phrase about a more coherent phenomenon, it was so nearly impossible to be an "adversary in good faith," where intolerance and the closed mind were so inclusive, and where violence could be so manifestly political.

Even in Texas itself, in many ways an exciting, open place, many of its intellectuals had always viewed Dallas as something of an enclave. The city's spokesmen have had much to say in its defense; the presumed assassin of the President of the United States was, after all, not a homegrown product of the psychotic right but a leftist, a solitary outcast. (Soon after the assassination *The Dallas Morning News* said, "Our foundations are sound, our leadership solid, our aspirations high.") Yet it is part of the record that Kennedy and the Texas politicians who were with him on the morning of November 22 were concerned, and many people in Dallas were concerned, that something unusual might happen. Any study of this most disturbed and disaffected of American cities must confront the hardest question of all: how was Dallas different? Neither of these books, unfortunately, is adequate to the task; Mrs. Thometz' is too much the graduate school thesis, Mr. Leslie's is too tentative, ambivalent, and facile.

Dallas Public and Private
by Warren Leslie
(Grossman; $4.50)
The Decision-Makers, The Power Structure of Dallas
by Carol Estes Thometz
(Southern Methodist; $4)

Three decades ago Dallas was not distinguished for any notable lack of diversity – for physical assaults on ambassadors or on aspiring Vice Presidents and their ladies, or for the divinity of its own intentions. Even *The Dallas Morning News*, which later became the most venomous of American dailies and the very symbol of the city's grim xenophobias, was constructive and moderate. People in neighboring Fort Worth, I am told, looked to Dallas as an enlightened example. Sarah Hughes, the distinguished judge who officiated at Johnson's swearing-in, recently recalled that as a liberal political candidate from Dallas in the thirties she could play one local business interest against another and actually get elected. The city may not have been a paragon of democratic virtue, but neither was it a citadel of the dogmatic and the self-righteous.

But it was growing, like many cities, much too rapidly – from less than 400,000 in the late thirties to almost a million in 1963. Its economic character was becoming too uniformly financial: banks, insurance, the utilities, marketing. In 1936 its leading businessmen, who succeeded after great effort in raising $3.5 million to bring the Texas Centennial to a city which had played a smaller role in the state's history than a dozen dying hamlets, had learned an important lesson. Dallas's most influential leader at the time said, "We had to have men who could underwrite. . . . We didn't have time for no proxy people. Then I saw the idea. Why not organize the 'yes' and 'no' people?" In the late thirties, without an election or a local consensus, the city's most powerful businessmen decided to run Dallas.

Today, as both Mr. Leslie and Mrs. Thometz emphasize, a strikingly high proportion of its citizens are in managerial, professional, and white-collar work, as befits the Southwest's leading financial center. More than any other city in Texas – and likely in the country – its inspirations and its values derive from business. In *The Decision-Makers*, published by Southern Methodist University Press three weeks before the assassination, Mrs. Thometz shows the extent of this business domination. The book is turgid and academic, but it is the product of extensive interviewing and contains a number of absorbing facts. From its beginnings the ruling group in Dallas, the Citizens' Council (not to be confused with Deep South racist or organizations of the same name), consisted only of the actual heads of business, the men who on their own could commit their companies to whatever policies they chose. It became, in effect, the government of the city, with the power "to make or break an idea or proposal." Of the sixty-odd men generally acknowledged to be the top leaders in the Council, 73 percent are businessmen, and banking and insurance executives alone comprise 31 percent. Not a single representative from labor is included, and only six professional men. The city's two newspaper-TV-radio organizations are the segment of the local economy with the highest proportion among the governing elite. This leadership structure has been effective because, as one of the

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leaders said, "95 percent of the members have the same point of view." They are white, male, Protestant, usually first-generation wealthy, with a political conservatism rarely found to its degree among men who actually control our cities. The elective city council has almost no significance. "We have here," Mrs. Thometz observes, "a case of business subsidizing government." Or as Mr. Leslie says in *Dallas Public and Private*, "a collection of dollars represented by men."

The consequences of such a monolith are not trivial. Civic dissent has been successfully excluded by furious appeals to community "loyalty"; there have been no partisan rivalries because the leaders, in making their decisions, do not recognize parties.

Much of this, of course, can be said of other cities, but no other American community of this size has so mutely acquiesced in the sacrifice of diversity. As Dallas expanded in the war years and its financial structure solidified, its very spirit was being shaped by self-made businessmen whose success derived from their talent for controlling large numbers of employees. There was little manufacturing and not much organized labor in the city, and any offsetting elements were, for all practical purposes, stifled. In older cities dominated by business there have at least been countervailing forces to challenge the prevailing power, or merely to nag and prod. It would have added perspective to Mr. Leslie's book had he considered Houston, only 250 miles to the southeast and the South's largest city, where business conservatism has never exactly been impotent, and the radicalism of its rightists has often exceeded Dallas's. Yet Houston is no monolith; it is, as one of its writers says, a whiskey and trombone town (and Dallas a town of bank vaults and choirs); it is openly in conflict with itself, and its very disorder has encouraged a rough and open democracy. Dallas, in contrast, has grown sick from its very *order*, from the organized caution and self-interest of an ethos which demanded undeviating uniformity. Its rigorous conservatism, as Leslie says, has "included barbers and babysitters as well as tycoons. It is astonishing when a single climate of opinion can so thoroughly blanket an American city." Mr. Leslie writes that the guilt of the recently wealthy in Dallas has buttressed the organized right-wing; but a similar guilt in Houston has produced responsible and outspoken liberal leadership. Why the difference? His book fails to explore Dallas's full uniqueness.

In a city like this, almost wholly white-collar in character, standards are set by the employer. Political and social conformity work downward, to the middling manager and below; conservatism becomes synonymous with social acceptability, and as status becomes more vulnerable, the salaried worker often becomes even more immoderate than his superior. A good education is not necessarily a defense. Two days before the assassination, a Dallas minister heard a bright, well-educated young couple tell other guests at a dinner party that they loathed Kennedy and "wouldn't care one bit if somebody did take a potshot at him." An intelligent and attractive young lady whom I knew at the state university told someone after the Stevenson incident, "We *did* warn him not to come."

Leslie discusses all these, often colorfully, but for the most part they are strands in a curiously unrelated dialogue. On the ruling leadership, which after all has encouraged and condoned the climate even while apologizing for its more notable excesses, the book is part indictment, but largely apologia. Only by weak irony and a sort of vague inference does he indicate the broader hazards of a non-elective government based on money and power. The present mayor, an industrialist chosen to fill an unexpired term – not by popular vote but on the invitation of five businessmen – says of the Citizens' Council, and Leslie seems to concur: "You know damned well its a benevolent organization." But what kind of benevolence? It is a benevolence which has so discouraged the language of humane values that when its ranking member first approached his associates about devising a campaign for token school integration to keep the business image secure, one of them remembers his words as "not an argument over whether Negroes should be integrated or not," but "simply a matter of dollars and cents."

Leslie is an Easterner who has spent

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17 years in Dallas; he writes with some flair and with the everyday knowledge of a businessman not too far removed from the elite which runs things. He has one excellent chapter on the neurotic right-wing women, who are usually more aggressive than their husbands. His descriptions of the typical middle-class Dallas family and its political hatreds are quite effective, and he manages a few good stories. ("I don't think the Dallas police force is so bad – look how quickly they caught Ruby.") But the book is too anecdotal, padded with gossip; most important, it is far too reluctant to pursue the serious questions it raises. The Dallas power structure, Leslie says, has lost for the city values of debate and new ideas, but this "benevolent junta" has produced clean if not enlightened government. These men, he declares, "are exceptional by any standards I know in America. They understand power structures, they are intelligent, they are devoted to their city, they check and balance each other adroitly and they are superb salesmen. They have made Dallas an economic boom town. It is no wonder that they are shocked and resentful when their city is suddenly attacked and vilified by the press and the world." Sure, it was money and materialism that made Dallas; but what kind of city was made? It is ironical that a city which has employed every possible means of institutional power in pursuit of its positive "image" is today perhaps the most mistrusted city in the Western world, an object of scorn, comedy, and myth.

Michael Payne, the Quaker who befriended Oswald, remembers taking him on October 23 to a meeting of the Dallas ACLU, "to introduce him to some of the values which were most precious to me. He just really hadn't had much experience," Payne said, "and if I'd had longer and persisted, he might have found an avenue for constructive activity where he could join others." If the ideals of Payne's organization had been less deviant in Dallas, and the ground for dialogue less narrow, it is conceivable, only faintly so but still conceivable, that recent history might have been different.

De Gaulle's Remembrance of Things Past

by Milton Viorst

Dorothy S. White tells us in the preface to her *Seeds of Discord* that from 1940 to 1942 "the Free French were not important." But that is not her view; it was the State Department's apology for its indifference to the Gaullist movement. Mrs. White proves to us that the Free French were a significant, if immeasurable, factor in the war, whatever Franklin D. Roosevelt and Cordell Hull said about them. The American government's treatment of de Gaulle during World War II was a classic case of opportunistic, unimaginative, ineffectual diplomacy. Its interest might now be academic – except that two decades later de Gaulle is sitting in the Elysées Palace in Paris and the past has come back to haunt the allies of France.

Seeds of Discord
de Gaulle, Free France and the Allies
by Dorothy Shipley White
(Syracuse; $7.50)

If there is a serious flaw in Mrs. White's fine book it is in attempting to tell the story of Washington's behavior toward Free France without examining carefully its policy toward the French government of capitulation established at Vichy. Marshal Pétain's regime was Hitler's creation. It served the purposes of the Nazi dictator by withdrawing France's remaining resources from the war, so that he could devote his full attention to destroying Britain and Russia. If he failed, it was not for lack of cooperation from Vichy. And if he had succeeded, he would have returned to gobble up the remainder of France at his leisure, Vichy's past services notwithstanding. Yet Roosevelt and Hull insisted on treating the superannuated Marshal as a nice old man who threw in the towel as any patriot would have had to. In contrast, they treated de Gaulle, who refused to surrender, like the plague.

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Roosevelt was right in behaving cautiously toward de Gaulle, at least until the unknown rebel general identified himself further. But he was wrong in openly embracing Pétain, for he thereby dignified cowardice.

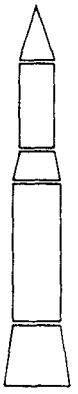
Roosevelt, of course, was justified in his concern for the extensive colonial empire, and the powerful fleet that Vichy commanded. It is, no doubt, easy to say in 1964 that they would have made little difference to the outcome of the war, when in 1940 and 1941 even the indomitable Churchill was horrified at the prospect of a handful of French battleships falling into German hands. Still, did the United States, by its courtship of Vichy, exercise decisive influence over the disposition of those ships? Probably not, in spite of Hull's extravagant claims to the contrary. The United States had nothing to offer Vichy remotely comparable to the pressure that Hitler's divisions could exert.

But even if American influence were considerable, it would not have justified American blindness to the moral value of an unconquerable Frenchman. De Gaulle's refusal to accept the surrender thrilled opponents of Nazism all over the world and rekindled a spirit of resistance on the continent. Yet the State Department looked on him as a pest. In 1941, the US all but encouraged the Vichy collaborationists to undertake a military expedition to destroy de Gaulle's base of operations in Central Africa. If Churchill had not demonstrated by attacking Syria that he would punish Vichy for serving Nazism, Pétain's army might have crushed de Gaulle, with the United States looking on disinterestedly.

Admittedly, Roosevelt's Vichy policy did not come to him painlessly, although his Secretary of State could wax pious even over the wooing of Pétain. Roosevelt was troubled by the amorality of dealing with Vichy and though he complained privately about the liberals who condemned him for it, he was man enough not to jeopardize his objectives by seeking public vindication. Still, pursuit of a policy for sound pragmatic reasons did not excuse its excesses. Roosevelt did not have to compliment Pétain for his "steadfast courage and determination" in fighting for a "free and independent France" when he knew that the doddering Marshal in 1940 was the principal

PRIDE AND POWER: THE RATIONALE OF THE SPACE PROGRAM

by Vernon Van Dyke



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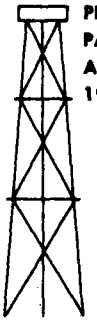

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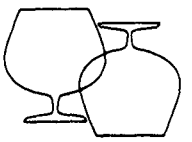

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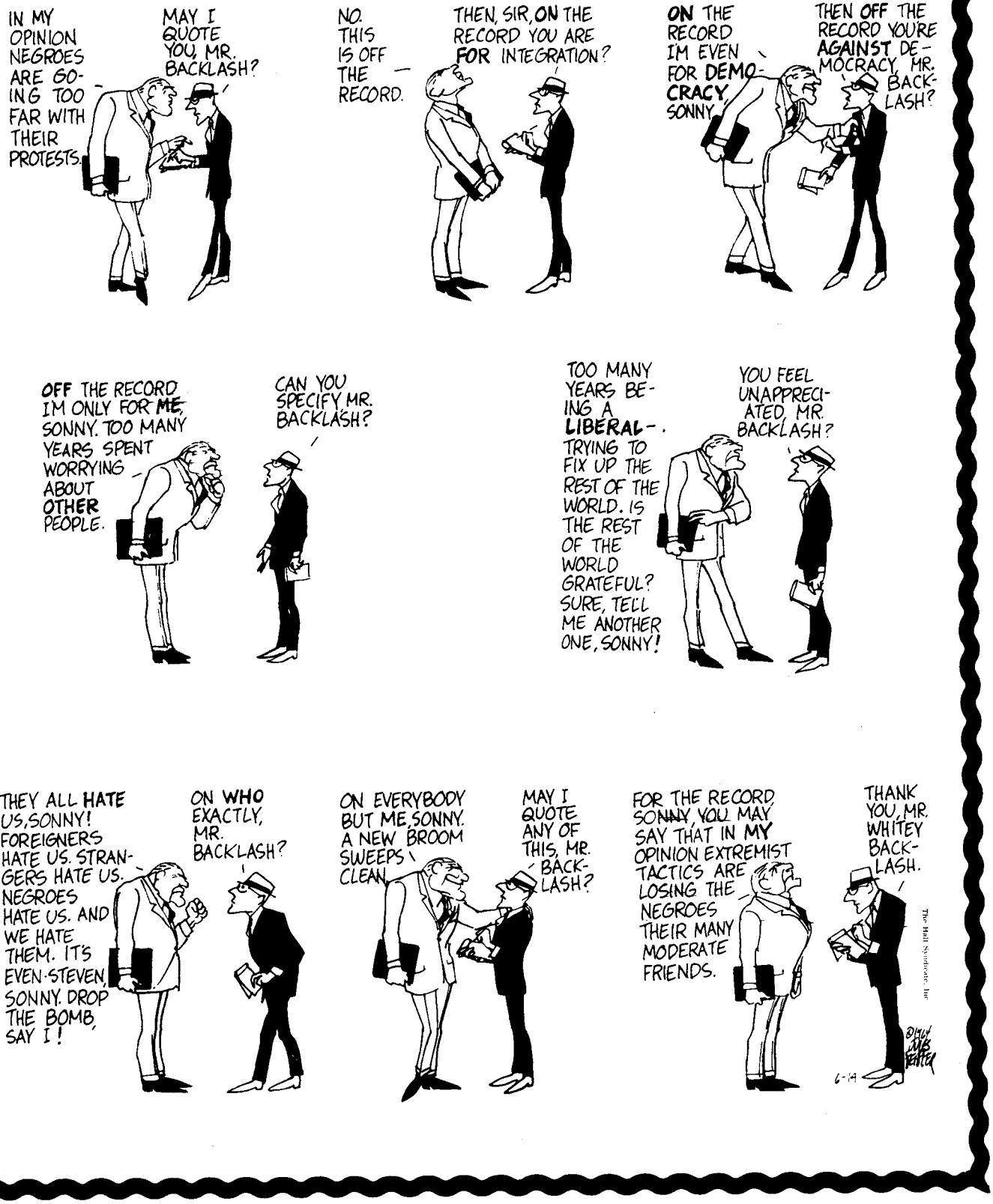
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THEN OFF THE RECORD YOU'RE AGAINST DEMOCRACY, MR. BACKLASH?
OFF THE RECORD IM ONLY FOR ME, SONNY. TOO MANY YEARS SPENT WORRYING ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE.
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apostle of capitulation. Churchill practically choked when, two years later, Roosevelt proposed to address Pétain as "my dear old friend." Perhaps most shocking, the American attitude toward both Vichy and the Free French did not change in tone after Pearl Harbor. On Memorial Day, 1942, an honor guard of Vichy French troops participated in official ceremonies in Washington, from which de Gaulle's Free French were banned.

The Axis, to be sure, did not get the fleet and the colonies from Vichy. But the American policy toward Pétain was, at best, only one of many reasons. If it is difficult therefore to say whether the Vichy policy was a success, it is safe to assert that the policy toward Free France was a grievous failure. Mrs. White rightly contends that the St. Pierre-Miquelon incident of Christmas, 1941, was the watershed of America's relations with de Gaulle. Until then, Washington was merely cold. After de Gaulle plucked away these inconsequential islands, which Washington was determined to protect for Vichy, the American government became actively hostile. Hull, reacting like a tiger at the loss of a favorite cub, was ludicrous. De Gaulle is still criticized for "disobeying" American orders. But de Gaulle had nothing to gain by taking orders from Washington, which in a year and a half of war had done nothing for him. Though a belligerent, the United States was by now so deeply committed to the futile pursuit of Vichy that it had forgotten who were its enemies and who were its friends. If de Gaulle provoked Washington at St. Pierre, it is clear that Washington provoked him first. The incident was the American government's first real clue that de Gaulle was not a freebooting soldier of fortune but a formidable political foe.

Some two decades later, de Gaulle alludes to St. Pierre-Miquelon as a source of his apprehension about American leadership. The incident was only a link in a chain of conflict that lasted until V-J Day. Roosevelt, beginning with Vichy, searched for an alternative to de Gaulle as the leader of France almost until the day he died. De Gaulle is persuaded today that in the same fashion, Washington would prefer to him one of those supine old governments of the Fourth Republic that knew how to go along and keep quiet.

I am sorry that Mrs. White, who so brilliantly researched her subject, is so sparing in giving us her interpretations of it. Her accounts of the development of the Free French movement in the United States, of the actions at Dakar and St. Pierre and of the Glorious Days when a handful of insurgents swung Central Africa to de Gaulle are unsurpassed.

FILMS

The Beast In Us

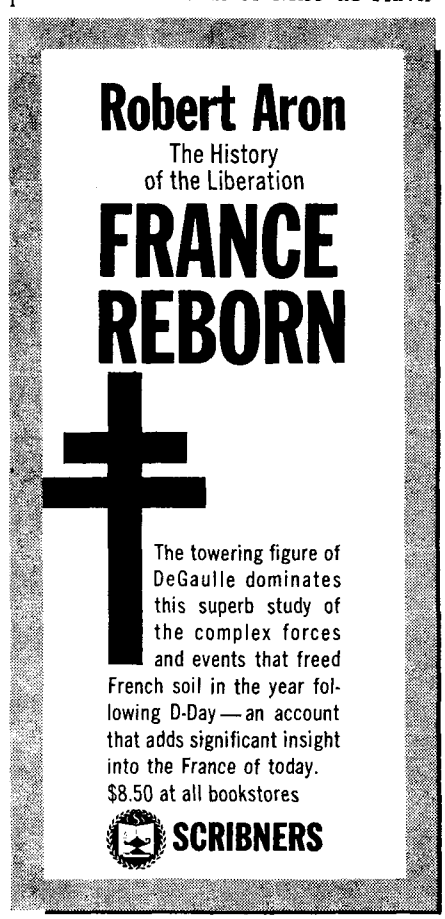
Are we truly civilized? Or are we basically savages with a mere veneer of civilization? Or are we basically bored with this silly question?

Luther Davis is not bored with it – even at its silliest. He has written *Lady in a Cage* to prove it, a story which, presumably, was suggested by an occurrence reported at length several years ago in *The New Yorker*, a woman trapped in a small elevator in her otherwise empty house over a long week-end. Davis, with stunning myopia, perceived at once that this incident could be converted into a Hobbesian allegory. With the aid of a director named Walter Grauman, a television realist who is not afraid to face the obvious, Davis has converted an opportunity for a good thriller into a pastiche of current cinema and acting styles, leaden moralizing, and brutal pseudo realism that is, essentially, phonier than Disneyland.

Lady in a Cage (Paramount)
Zulu (Embassy)

In a Southern California town, long lines of traffic move down a rich residential street. To strike the note of cruelty and unconcern right at the outset, we are shown, close up, a dog that has been run over. Inside one of the houses Olivia de Havilland is saying goodbye to her "delicate" son who is leaving for the week-end. After knotting the silver cord tightly around his throat, she lets him leave. Alone in the house she enters the cage-like elevator installed because of her recent broken hip, rides halfway up and sticks – there has been a power failure. She rings an alarm bell, unheard over the roaring traffic outside except by a whiskery wino. He breaks in, reconnoiters the situation, and rushes to a prostitute whom he knows, to have her help him clean out the place. This pair is followed by three juvenile delinquents, a brute, his blonde chick, his Puerto Rican stooge; these three take over, terrorize everyone into near-animality, and run riot in the well-kept house in a dilution of the revel in *Viridiana*.

The laughable imitation of Brando by James Caan, the Paramount back-lot whore and wino of Ann Southern and Jeff Corey increase the phoniness of the occasion, but the chief falsity in performance is that of Miss de Havil-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land, whose patrician quality is straight out of Cadillac ads. At one point she says to her young tormentor: "You are one of the many bits of offal produced by the welfare state." (The young hood repeats "offal" and nods wryly as if he understood the word.) Davis' dialogue and its delivery are matched.

There is one moment of genuine fright in the film: when the elevator stops and one feels (as in Cozzens' novel *Castaway*) how a small, *possible* accident can suddenly transform the familiar into the fantastic and terrible. But Davis quickly adulterates the fright with fake plotting to expand what is merely a situation into a story. His moralizing, which gives him excuses for (almost) sensationalism, and Grauman's crudity are revolting, not through reality but through spuriousness.

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On the other hand *Zulu* is *really* about savagery and violence and, in Technicolor and Technirama, makes the most of them. It runs 2 hours and 18 minutes. If those 18 minutes had been cut – out of the film's first third – it would be, sheerly as entertainment, first-class.

It was filmed in Royal Natal National Park in South Africa (one breathtaking view after another) and tells the story of the Battle of Rorke's Drift on January 23, 1879, a battle in which 141 officers and men of the South Wales Borderers defended a mission station against attack by 4,000 Zulus under Chief Cetewayo. In the 100 years since the Victoria Cross was established, only 1,344 have been awarded. Eleven of them were given for action that day, so – for the film-makers – there was plenty of derring to be done. Cy Endfield, the director and co-author of the script, has done it.

Stanley Baker, the Welsh actor who co-produced with Endfield, is staunch in the leading role, though unprepossessing. Jack Hawkins, a good actor, has a tedious part – an alcoholic clergyman whose maunderings in the early sequences only detain us. Ulla Jacobsson, his daughter, also palls with her Florence Nightingale chirpings. After father and daughter are packed off, the film is secure. We expect battle and recovery, interweavings of other stories, then more battles on later days – the usual pattern of the cavalry Western – but we are pleasantly surprised. Once we get to Rorke's Drift, after a tigerish battle-dance sequence in the Zulu camp, the film has Aristotelian unity. One battle (in several attacks), one day.

Endfield's use of the long, long lines of Zulus rolling like copper tide down the mountains, the warriors filtering through the grass like fog, his relatively fresh figures-on-the-horizon shots, all deserve high praise. The picture is not free of action-film clichés: one bullet equals one corpse – nobody ever misses or merely wounds an opponent; and there is trite byplay in the barracks. But, barring the adagio opening, Endfield – aided by John Jympson's crisp editing and Stephen Dade's photography that is filled with mountain light and air – has handled matters so well that we concede the familiarities. In fact we welcome them as proof of how well the picture is being done: as if a good poem were being made out of very familiar vocabulary.

Endfield evidently knows the Westerns of John Ford, but anyone who makes such a film would be cretinous not to know them. *Zulu* lacks the style, the sense of one man's vision, that, at his best, Ford gives us, but it is full of excitements. And it does what the best action films have always worked toward and what they can now achieve with the latest technologies of color and scope: it combines large-scale violence with pictorial beauty. "Combines" is the operative word.

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The best works of Prokofiev are the early ones – the *Scythian Suite*, the ballet score *Chout*, the Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 3, the Violin Concerto No. 1 in which astonishing imaginative and musical powers operate with youthfully exuberant creative energy. The powers and energy are still operating in the 1929 ballet score *The Prodigal Son*; but in the later works after Prokofiev's return to Russia one often hears instead the developed technical skill that operates on its own to produce what – as a friend remarked recently – sounds like wall-to-wall music turned out by the yard. Exceptionally the result is something like the impressive involved and sustained construction of the Symphony No. 5; more often it is something like the doodling in the first movement of the Symphony-Concerto Op. 125 for cello and orchestra, which Rostropovitch played here in 1956 as the Second Cello Concerto, and which the Boston Symphony's own Samuel Mayes performs

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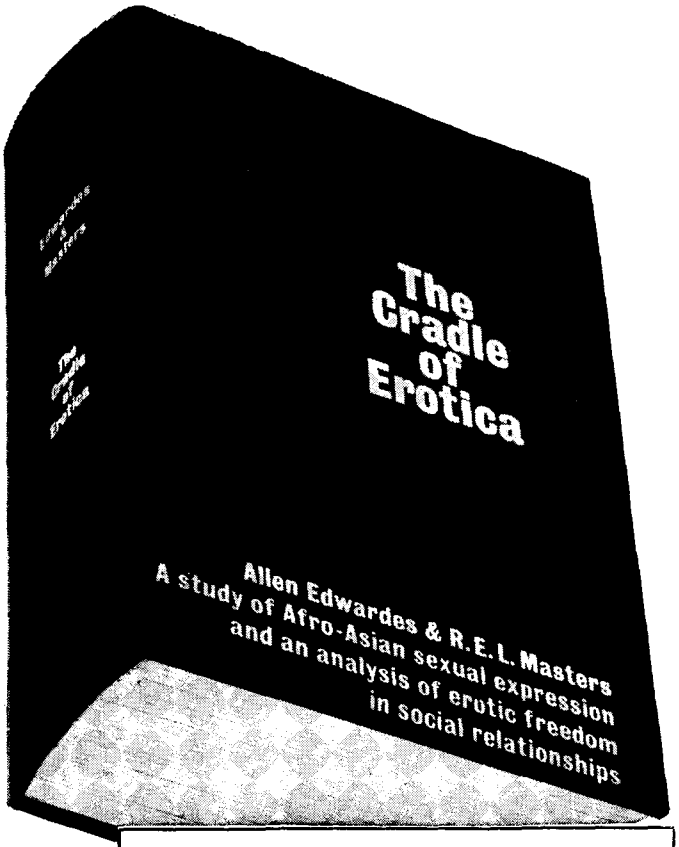
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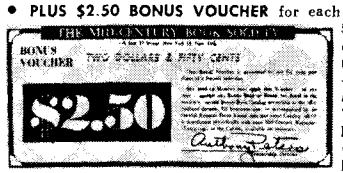

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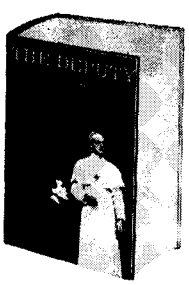
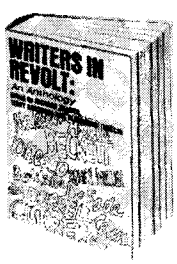

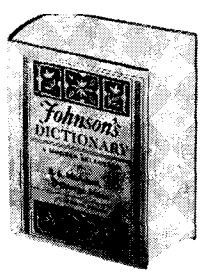

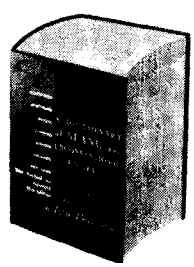
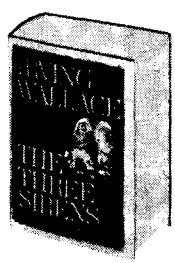
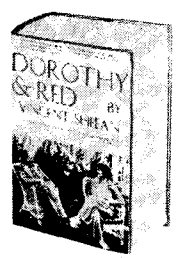

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with that orchestra under Leinsdorf on RCA Victor LM- and LSC-2703. The second movement, with its alternation of an opening scherzo-like section and a later lyrical section, is more attractive; and the finale is made effective by the vertebrate theme-and-variations structure that gives it formal clarity and coherence. Except for Mayes' dry tone, the performance is excellent.

Mozart's Piano Concerto K.453, one of the incandescent examples of this most elaborately contrived and fascinating Mozartean genre, is on Victor LM- and LSC-2636, played by Artur Rubinstein with an orchestra under Wallenstein. In the first movement, with its mingled grace, gaiety and poignancy, Rubinstein's playing doesn't have the animation and enlivening inflection and articulation of Gulda's on the Vanguard records; the extraordinarily organized and deeply affecting slow movement suffers from Rubinstein's beginning each solo passage in a tempo which he doesn't maintain; and the finale too loses by the slowing up of its animated initial tempo. I therefore prefer Gulda's performance (the mono version).

Boehm's changes of tempo in the first movement of Schubert's Symphony No. 9 – in a performance with the Berlin Philharmonic on Deutsche Grammophon 18- and 138-877 – do not articulate and organize the structure of the movement into a coherent and effective whole, as Toscanini's do in his 1941 performance with the Philadelphia Orchestra; and I find the pacing of the second and third movements ineffectively slow; but the momentum of the finale is something even Boehm is swept along by. The 1941 Toscanini performance remains the one to acquire.

On the other hand, Solti's pacing of Verdi's *Falstaff*, on Victor LM- and LSC-6163, is faultless throughout, and is one of the things that make this the performance for someone who wants stereo sound, or even mono sound of present-day spaciousness and clarity that allows the delightful orchestral detail to be heard more clearly with the singing than it is in Toscanini's performance. In addition, Solti gives the musical flow the lightness, and the complex ensembles the clarity, they call for; and his excellent soloists include Geraint Evans as Falstaff, Simionato as Mistress Quickly, Ilva Ligabue as Mistress Ford, Mirella Freni as Nannetta and Rosalind Elias as Mistress Page – the one exception being Alfredo Kraus as Fenton, with a voice that is unattractive to my ear. But I must add that listening again to Toscanini's performance I am struck anew by the beauty and expressive inflection and coloring of Valdengo's singing, which makes it, for me, superior to Evans'; and there are in addition the magnificent singing of Chloë Elmo and exquisite singing of Stich-Randall, which are outstanding in the work of a cast that is excellent except, again, for the Fenton. And with such unique details as the marvelously timed and precise "No!s" in the first scene, Toscanini's is still the performance of this masterpiece that I prefer.

In that connection I mention a reader's report that certain withdrawn Toscanini recordings are still being offered by RCA in England: the superb Tchaikovsky *Manfred* with the NBC Symphony on RB-16090 and 1936 Beethoven Seventh with the New York Philharmonic on CDN-1028; the marvelous 1936 *Semiramide* Overture, with the 1936 *Siegfried-Idyll* and the 1929 *Traviata* Preludes and *Sorcerer's Apprentice* on CDN-1027. They can be obtained through a dealer in imported records.

The few interesting items on Victor LM-2700, *Caruso Operatic Rarities*, include a beautiful *"Parmi veder le lagrime"* from *Rigoletto*, and a 1904 Dream from *Manon* which amazes one with its delicacy and subtlety as compared with the coarseness of the 1902 performance on Angel COLH-119; but Lensky's final aria from *Eugene Onegin* is wholly without the quiet melancholy it should have.

Rococo 5214 offers the beautiful contralto voice of Karin Branzell in arias – mostly electrically recorded, and some sung in German – from *Orfeo, Le Prophète, Mignon, La Favorita* and *Samson et Dalila*, among others; 5213 provides a hearing of the fine baritone voice of Mario Ancona in arias by Verdi, Bellini and Donizetti, among others; 5215 a hearing of the voices of Pol Plancon (in, among other things, excerpts from Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*) and Jean Lasalle.

The performance of Byrd's Mass for four voices by the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, under David Willcocks' direction, on London 5795 (mono) has made me newly aware of how beautiful a work this is; but the Mass in three voices, on the reverse side, I find less interesting. The singing is reproduced with excessively sharp sibilants, which can be improved by reduction of treble.

And Angel 36121 (mono) has some of the best passages from Klemperer's performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* with the Philharmonia Orchestra and Choir and the boys of the Hampstead Heath Parish Choir: the big opening and closing choruses and *O Mensch, bewein dein' Suende gross*, and a number of chorales.

The music which Jennie Tourel sings with Allen Rogers on Columbia ML-5965 and MS-6565 is slight: five unfamiliar songs of Rossini, of which *A Grenade* is the best, *Petite Mélodie sur la Gamme Chinoise* is the least interesting, and the others are moderately engaging; and *Fiancailles pour Rire* by Poulenc, whose music has no appeal for me. But her singing is of a quality that makes one wish one were hearing it in greater music.

I have no such reservation to report about Fischer-Dieskau's singing on Angel 3640 (mono), done as it is in the songs of Schubert's *Die Winterreise*, whose progression of marvelous invention becomes overwhelming in this performance that stands out above all others today in its vocal beauty and expressive eloquence.

Continued use of the Shure M-44 cartridge brought a marked deterioration of the sound that had led me to recommend it; and I therefore withdraw the recommendation. But I can report continuing beautiful sound from an ADC-1 Mark II after several months' use.

B. H. HAGGIN

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T. R. B. *from Cleveland*

(Continued from page 2)

Bill of Rights, institute a prayer amendment. These innocent-sounding Eisenhower proposals will be the gleam in the eye of the Birch Society for years to come.

One reporter asked H. L. Hunt what he thought of the Eisenhower plan. "I do not think well of it," replied Foxy Grandpa, briefly shaking his head; he couldn't accept it with the "popular impulsiveness" of the present generation. Ike too radical for H. L. Hunt! What a world.

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

James Bond: Culture Hero

Sirs:

George Grella's article "James Bond: Culture Hero" (May 30) amazes me. In the entire length of that two page review Professor Grella never once mentions Fleming's humor. Instead, he falls over himself with mythological reference, the effect of James Bond on future scholars digging into 20th Century archives, and Fleming's lack of insight and lack of view!

Of course James Bond is stupid. *Of course* James Bond "is entrusted with the mammoth task of safeguarding an entire civilization" and "the free world depends on his actions." *Of course* he's incompetent and still achieves high renown. *Of course* he "blunders into situations he should have anticipated chapters in advance." *Of course* James Bond "is almost always known to the enemy as soon as he arrives – on the scene of action." Of course James Bond "wears Sea Island cotton shirts, tells time by a Rolex Oyster watch," slays octopuses, draculas, mammoths, and white whales: moves mountains, gets all the girls, and kills Daddy Warbucks with his new Dick Tracy laser-ray gun.

Each James Bond incident cited by Mr. Grella illustrates the point. And the point is that Ian Fleming creates wild, hilarious spoof!

David Kaufman
New York, N.Y.

The Fair

Sirs:

Mr. Von Eckardt's story on the World's Fair (May 30) reminds me of the Englishman who visited New York determined to find nothing good there. He landed at Pier 57 and carefully picked his way along the waterfront to 125th Street, turned directly east through Harlem and walked down old Third Avenue to the Bowery. He was able to report that New York City was a dismal, dark, untidy, crowded, dangerous place, peopled by the poverty-stricken and derelict, that its principal businesses were grubby saloons, revival meetings, fish-warehouses, and lodging dives, and, from the number of police he saw in Harlem, was in a state of seige. He could also report that he saw no parks, no art galleries, no museums, no universities and no theaters.

Mr. Von Eckardt devotes a major section of his essay to a single, minor commercial exhibit – three small contemporary houses – and, upon the basis of an unfavorable opinion he formed in regard to it, condemns a thousand other enterprises at the Fair which he did not bother to visit. Most revealing is the fact that he compares the delightful and original New York State Pavilion unfavorably with the Eiffel Tower which most people of taste regard as an absurd monstrosity. With insufferable condescension, he looks down his nose at the queue of ordinary people waiting to see the *Piéta* as though, like the lady said about sex, it is too good for them. He invents "countless extra fees at every turn," which, he says, are added to the admission charge, although a discerning visitor would be hard put to find time

Notes on Contributors

Honor Tracy's *newest book,* Spanish Leaves, *will be published by Random House in October.* Willie Morris *is on the staff of* Harper's Magazine. Milton Viorst's *book* Hostile Allies, *the story of the relations between Roosevelt and de Gaulle, will be published by Macmillan at the end of the year.*

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for the comparatively few activities which impose additional admission fees.

There is a great deal of beauty, magnificence, gentleness, and excitement at the Fair, from the impressive Mexican Pavilion to the enchanting, small Irish Pavilion. The Pepsi-Cola UNICEF Exhibit is a delight for children. The Japanese Pavilion is handsome, original, and exciting. The India Pavilion, from its massive, studded doors to its colorful and graceful decorations, is a tribute to the artistry and craftsmanship of an ancient civilization. There are scores of exhibits and activities to amuse, entertain, inform, and please. The long, wide avenues with their interesting prospects lend a feeling of color, movement and grace. There is plenty of art, from classic to pop. The World's Fair has something for everyone, except, apparently, for Mr. Von Eckardt, and that is the proper measure of what he deserves.

W. Bernard Richland
New York, N.Y.

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WHO KILLED PRESIDENT KENNEDY?

Doubts have been expressed in news stories and editorials by a growing number of responsible newspapers, magazines and other media in the U.S. A few of the doubts are printed below. In Europe, the doubts are expressed in even sharper terms. In fact, the belief is widespread in Europe that rather than the lone act of a madman, the assassination was the handiwork of powerful conspiratorial forces.

"In some 4,000 miles of travel (around the U.S.) in the past six weeks, I did not encounter one single person who believed he or she had been told the whole truth. . . . Most of those questioned indicated a complete lack of faith in the official reports on the case. . . . Off hand, I cannot recall any time in peace or war, when this was such a universal reaction."—Kenneth L. Dixon, **N.Y. World Telegram & Sun.**

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"There is a feeling that the responsible authorities are in possession of information that has not yet been given to the public. . . ."—Henry Brandon, **Saturday Review.**

"I cannot accept as proven facts the incoherent conglomeration of circumstantial evidence against him. . . . If Oswald had lived, I do not see how he could have been convicted, or the conviction upheld on appeal."
—Leo Sauvage, **The Reporter.**

"The Warren Commission **must** tell us if the FBI or any other government intelligence agency was in any way connected with the alleged assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald."—Harold Feldman, **The Nation.**

"As citizens the aspects of the case we should find most troubling are the ineptitudes of the Dallas police, the carelessness of the Secret Service and the arrogant above-the-fray attitude of the FBI. In a democracy there is no place for a 'secret police', however holy their reputation."—Harriet Van Horn, **N.Y. World Telegram & Sun.**

If you are one of the millions of Americans assailed by questions and doubts about the assassination of President Kennedy, you will be fascinated by the sifting of the evidence by a veteran journalist and his conclusion that Oswald—despite the official version—was not the lone assassin. You will be shocked by his biting analysis that views the case against Oswald as a tissue of improbabilities, contradictions, and outright falsifications—and Oswald as a convenient fall guy for powerful conspiratorial forces. No wonder the Warren Commission asked the author on March 6, 1964 for a copy of the typescript. You will probably read this book at one sitting and with the strongest of feelings.

Some of the Contents

Part One: Impossible Assassin

Chapters

1. The Self-Betraying Detour
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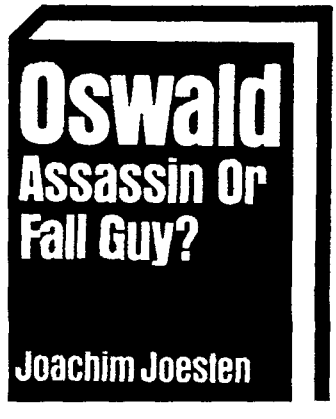

Joachim Joesten, a former assistant editor for Newsweek foreign affairs department, is the author of 26 books in English and German and hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles.

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